McGILL DAILY

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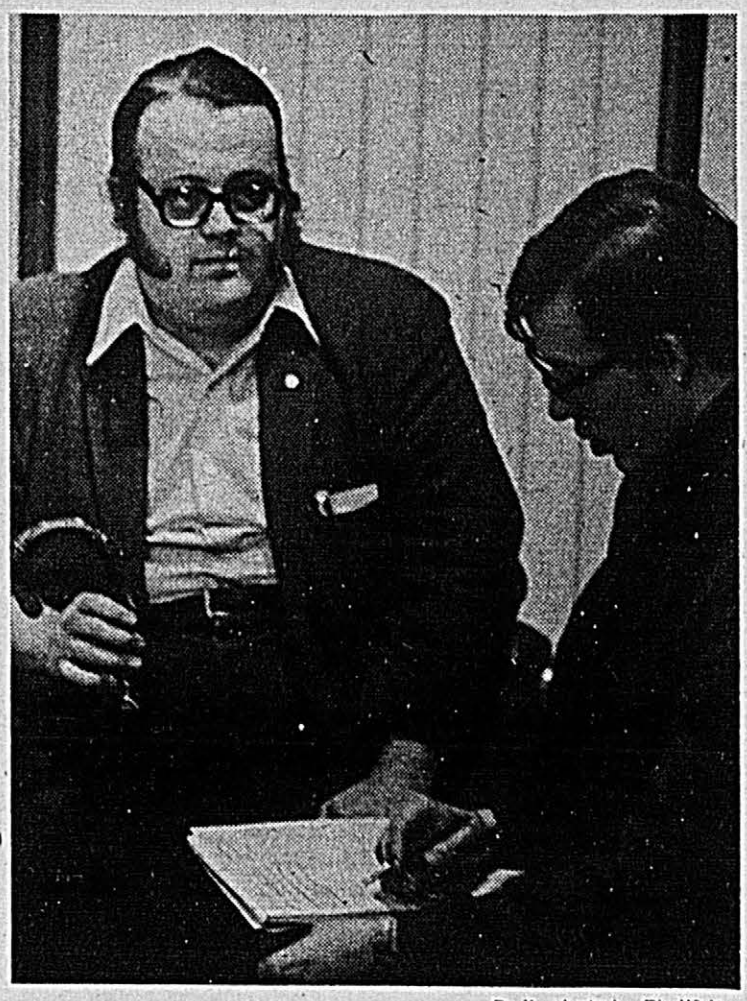


Daily photo by Ric White

CHAIRMAN RICHARD COMBER of 'Canadians for a Free Greece'

McGill committee Seeks free Greece

by Toby Abramovitz

McGill students who are opposed to the military junta in Greece have banded together to create a new society dedicated to a "Free Greece."

The student group is a branch of "Canadians for a Free Greece", which originated in Toronto, and last June established a committee in Montreal under Chairman Mr. Richard Comber. Barbara Cummings, B.A. 3, is the temporary chairman of the McGill group.

"The organization has three aims," one member explained. First and most basic is the propagation of information about the present situation in Greece.

In addition the McGill committee is striving to influence the end of Canadian government support for the Greek military junta, and to encourage the government to press for the expulsion of Greece from NATO.

As one member of the committee stated, "the purpose of NATO is to support freedom and democracy".

They plan to set up campaigns to raise funds for the relief of families of political prisoners in Greece and for the continuation of Radio Free Greece broadcasts. This radio network, established through funds raised by the Toronto branch of the society operates on the coast of Italy and beams news and information, including speeches from exiled Greeks, to Greece.

Next week the "McGill students for a free Greece" will present their constitution of the Students' Council for ratification.

At the organizational meeting of the body yesterday, the temporary secretary, Dianna Haas, mentioned that the group plans to hold a two day Teach-in on the Greek situation probably in late January or early February. They hope that Dr. Andreas Papandreou, a minister in the former Greek Government and at present a professor of economics at York University in Toronto, will be the opening speaker. Dr. Papandreou is also the Chairman of PAK, an international resistance group for the liberation of Greece.

S.C. ruling challenged

Disqualified Senate candidate Errol Naiman has registered an appeal against Wednesday's Students' Council motion to invalidate the October 21 elections but to ratify the seven student senators.

"The motion is being appealed on the grounds that it in effect sets Students' Council up as a court superior to the Judicial Committee," he said. The Judicial Committee, in overruling the election, had called for a new one.

by Arnold Bennett

According to Naiman, the central question is whether the Students' Society has in fact a separation of legislative and judicial powers.

"If it does," he asserted, "the motion is ultra vires. If it doesn't there is no need for a Judicial Committee."

Naiman noted that many of the decisions of the Judicial Committee in the past have been made as a result of some action by Council which has been appealed. Thus Council could have overruled an unfavourable judicial decision.

"Now Council is having it both ways," he added. "It's strange that they appointed a Judicial Committee if they didn't intend to abide by its decision."

Naiman placed the responsibility for the "farce" of the election and its aftermath on Student Council President Hutton Archer and "several of his advisers."

Archer, he reasoned, would be "embarrassed if he had to get up in Senate and say that student senators were in fact not student senators."

Archer, however, asserts that, "Naiman obviously doesn't know what he's talking about."

Archer pointed out that in the Students' Society constitution as it now stands Council is solely responsible for deciding what students sit on Senate, and more important, how these students are chosen.

"For the past two years Council has chosen to have the student senators selected by a general election," he remarked. "However, that does not mean that we're bound to this method."

He added that two years ago, while Robert Hajaly was Council president, Council alone chose the student senators for an interim period.

Archer revealed that he is currently preparing two motions to present to Council, moving that it amend the electoral by-laws to read that a Students' Society election cannot be held in the absence of a judicial committee, and that student senators must always be elected by the student body.

"I think that these motions are necessary to clear up the confusion that this situation has created," he said.

Newly-elected senator David Sprague, when asked about Naiman's appeal, commented, "I almost think it's petty legal arguments, but Errol does have a point."

Nevertheless Council has the right to decide who should represent it on Senate, he added, and "the election did express the view of a certain number of students who voted in good faith."

Sprague noted that the Council motion was carried by a vote of 10-3, more than a two-thirds majority.

He reasoned that the Judicial Committee is still a committee of the Council. "Council can't make one of its committees higher than itself."

"All Council did," he added, "was to use its prerogative to appoint senators for the interim until the next election in February or March."

Referral service makes abortions easily obtainable

by Libby Wilson

Concern that safe, legal abortions should be equally available to all women has caused a group of New York businessmen to set up an abortion referral service.

The Abortion Advisory Service, incorporated last month, began its services with an advertisement in last Wednesday's Daily. The ad "promised" an immediate, safe and legal abortion in a recognized hospital at reasonable cost."

Under the revised New York criminal code, the only requirement for a legal abortion is the consent of the woman concerned.

(Continued on page 2)

'Better study habits' promises hypnotist

A Montreal businessman who is a hypnotist in his spare time successfully hypnotized a group of people at Hillel last night.

Fifteen people attained what the hypnotist termed the "first stages" of the hypnotic sleep. About five subjects reached a deeper sleep.

"Those who reach a deep sleep have a very high concentration level," said the hypnotist, who is a practising member of the Canadian Institute of Hypnotism. He asked that his name be withheld. "I'm a businessman, and a lot of people would think there was something funny about me if they knew I practised hypnosis."

To find out which people were receptive to the power of suggestion, the hypnotist asked the audience to clasp their hands tightly together, close their eyes, and bring their clasped hands to their foreheads.

"You feel your hands becoming stiff and numb", he chanted. "Your hands are locked and stuck together. Now I tell you to take your hands apart, but you cannot do it."

Some people were able to separate their hands easily. Others could not until the hypnotist helped them. These people then took part in the hypnotism proper.

"Fix our eyes on one spot and do not take them from that spot", said the hypnotist to the subjects. "Your eyes are becoming warm and watery. Your eyelids are heavy." "Your head is drooping." he continued. "You are completely relaxed." With every breath you fall deeper and deeper into a refreshing sleep."

by Linda Wall

HYPNOTIST'S vic...er...subject.

The hypnotist then tried several tests to see if the people were actually hypnotized. Several of the people did not follow his suggestions, and the audience tried to smother its laughter. "The people who did not obey me are not yet fully hypnotized." explained the hypnotist.

By the end of the session a few people appeared to be deeply hypnotized. One man held out his arm "as stiff as an iron bar" on the hypnotist's suggestion. Members of the audience were unable to force down the arm.

One girl appeared to be convinced by the hypnotist that her right hand was numb and without sensation. He pricked her hand with a small pick and she did not react. Another man sang his school song on request, but could not remember beyond the first line. The hypnotist convinced several people that they had flies on their noses.

The people who were hypnotized last night have an extra bonus coming to them. The hypnotist promised them better study habits in future.

HYDE PARK

With Dave Ward

SEX, BOOZE AND CHRIST

Today, 1 PM, Leacock 26

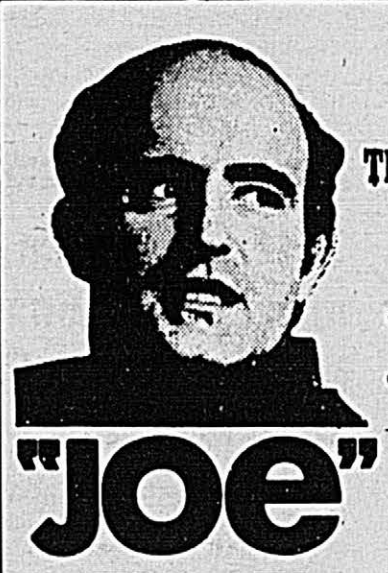
McGill Christian Fellowship

MSEA
McGill Film Society

MEMBERS TAKE NOTICE

PUTNEY SWOPE will not be shown on Jan. 15th 1971 as advertised in the brochures of the McGill Film Society. Consequently the showing of Putney Swope Sat. Nov. 14 L132 by the MSEA will be the only showing of that film on campus this academic year.

Chairman
Film Coordinating Committee



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Ryerson Press sale

A hasty reconsideration

TORONTO (CUP) — Premier John Robarts met officials of the United Church of Canada and McGraw-Hill of Canada Ltd. Tuesday (Nov. 10) to discuss the sale of the church-owned Ryerson Press to the U.S. — controlled publishing company for a reported two million dollars.

But after the 70-minute meeting in Robarts' office at Queen's Park the premier and principals involved declined comment on what had transpired.

"We had very good discussions," Robarts said, "but I don't propose to tell you what we discussed."

Robarts said he plans to meet again with the two parties, but no date was agreed upon.

Meanwhile, in Ottawa, the senate will be asked to investigate the proposed sale if the Ontario government hasn't blocked it by next Monday. (Nov. 16)

Two Liberal senators — Harper Prowse and Hazen Argue — Tuesday urged the Federal Government to prevent the United Church from selling Ryerson to American-owned McGraw-Hill.

They said the senate's Banking, Trade and Commerce Committee should hold an immediate inquiry into the sale and its implications for the Canadian publishing industry.

Abortion...

(Continued from page 1)

The foetus must be less than twenty-four weeks old, and minors must have parental consent (as for any other operation.) There is no residence requirement, so that women living in Canada or in other states with less liberal laws may have abortions in New York state.

The service is operated by non-medical people who were dismayed at the unequal availability of medical attention. Vice-President Will Patence explained. "In the past, the women who got abortions had money, connections or luck to find hospitals which could take them in time.

"We are determined that no one who lacks these should be forced to bear an unwanted child".

He emphasized. "What a woman does with her body is her business

(Continued on page 3)

Today

STUDENT INFO CENTRE: Problem? Come see us. Union Switchboard. 12 — 3 pm. In your third year? We need more volunteers!

WOMEN'S SQUASH: Interested intercollegiate Players — coaching provided. Currie Gym, 1 pm.

FILM SOC: Citizen Kane by Orson Welles. L 132, 6:30 & 9:00.

CANTERBURY ANGLICAN CHAPLAINCY: Meeting to discuss Folk Mass format. Yellow Door, 3625 Alymer, 1 pm.

PAKISTAN STUDENTS' SOCIETY: Dinner/ Speaker Pakistan High Commissioner. Union Cafeteria, 6:30 pm.

SANDWICH THEATRE: Mysteries & Smaller Pieces by Julian Beck. Union Theatre, 1 pm.

PREMED SOCIETY: Dr. D.G. Kinnear. 'Medical Admissions at McGill'. Francis Seminar Rm, McIntyre, 1 pm.

CURLING CLUB (MEN): Practise again, one sheet only. Caledonia Curling Club, 11 Hillside Ave. Westmount, 1 - 4:30 pm.

POETRY MAG: Poets wishing to contribute send pieces to 2172 Noel St.

LATIN AMERICAN SOCIETY: Party. Drinks served. 625 Milton no. 202, 9 pm.

COED VOLLEYBALL: Enter as team - 3 girls & 3 boys or individually - refreshments - prizes - fun. Currie Gym (west), Register 7 pm. Play 7:30 - 10 pm.

THE FRIDAY NIGHT BALL: a sight & sound show, lights & illusions by Harvey & Shirley. YMCA Building 1441 Drummond Budge Hall, 9 pm - 1 am. Admission $1.00

CHINESE STUDENTS' SOCIETY: Choir Practice. RVC Rm 12, 8 pm. Basketball practice. Currie Gym, 6 pm. Social Gathering. Union B26 - 27, 8 pm.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP: Hyde Park - Another free chance to lash out at Christianity. Leacock 26, 1 pm.

RADIO MCGILL INSOUND: Lightfoot, and Soap Operas in early radio. Campus, 2 - 8 pm.

FOLK MUSIC SOCIETY: Unveiling of a monument to the unnamed Mime Troupe and Plastic Fantastic Flip-out. Watch for yellow flats of the Daemon Drug.

CHESS CLUB: Today's Exhibition by 3 - time McGill champion, P.E. Murray. In front of Union Coffee Shop, 12 - 3 pm.

DROP IN THE BUCKET CAMPAIGN: Bands all day. Union, 6 pm - 1 am.

CAMERA CLUB: Non - Members become Members - $5.00, Darkroom, 12 noon.

SATURDAY

RED & WHITE REVUE: Auditions a big chance to do your thing. Union B 26 - 27. From 11 am.

RADIO McGILL INSOUND: New, 12 - 6 pm Today 2 - 8 pm. Campus.

MSEA: Putney Swope. Leacock 132, 6; 8; 10 pm.

HILLEL WEEK: Israel Night. Hillel House 8:30 pm.

CURLING CLUB (MEN): Games Continue, sign-up for intercollegiate league. T.M.R. Club, League "A" officially starts at 1 pm.

CHINESE STUDENTS SOCIETY: Basketball practice. Currie Gym, 10:30 am.

VIETNAMESE STUDENTS' SOCIETY: Meeting to vote for new administration. Centre Social U. de Montreal, 11 am - 5 pm.

PGSS: Tribute to J. Joplin & J. Hendrix. 3650 McTavish, 9 pm - 2 am.

SUNDAY

LUTHERAN STUDENT MOVEMENT: Folk Worship followed by coffee etc. St. John's Lutheran Church - Jeanne Mance & Prince Arthur, 7:00 pm..

CANTERBURY, ANGLICAN CHAPLAINCY: Folk Mass continues today, Back Door, 985 Sherbrooke w., 5:00 pm.

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Roger's got a problem!

What to call his fabulous new long-hair cut for gals. Come see a demonstration. No obligation. Win a prize in our Name-The-Cut contest.

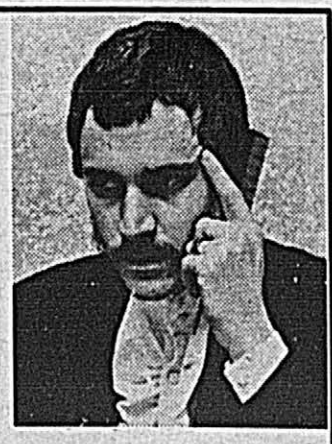
*Saturday,

Nov. 14/70 at 2 PM.

The Entr'acte Beauty Salon

Cantlie House Mezzanine
1110 Sherbrooke at Peel

842-5031



Roger Lafontaine, champion hairstylist, invites you to see his new "long-hair cut" at the Entr'acte Salon, Saturday, Nov. 14/70 at 2:00 P.M.

MATHEMATICS PRIZES

Mathematics prizes offered by the Insurance Branch of the Provincial Government of Quebec are available to students who have passed in one or more examinations of the Society of Actuaries in November, 1970.

All interested students should report with their certificate to Room 202A, McConnell Engineering Building.

Abortion...

(Continued from page 2)

alone. No one, not even her husband or the father of her child, has any right to tell her what to do''.

Mr. Patence admitted that the service had been founded partly so that non-residents of New York could arrange for abortions. Since running the ad in the Daily the organization had received several calls for assistance from Daily readers.

A complete list of accredited hospitals and clinics is kept by the organization, so that a woman can be sent to an institution which will treat her with a minimum of delay. Prices are considerably lower when arranged through the Consultant Service. These range from $250 for a simple operation in an outpatient clinic to $440 for a stay in a hospital, including the operation, anaesthetic and medication. Manhattan hospitals quoted prices of $350 and $600 respectively for the same operations.

The clinics and hospitals participating in the service will accept all forms of medical insurance. Canadian medicare, however, will not pay the costs because the operations are not performed in Canadian hospitals, and many would be considered 'illegal': i.e. the mental or physical health of the mother might not be endangered by the pregnancy.

In the event of complications, the hospital also agrees to pay the additional costs, so that a woman will pay only the price of the actual abortion.

Mr. Patence expressed concern that his group might not be able to continue to advertise in the Canadian press. "Abortion has previously been an unmentionable subject," he said, "and we expect some negative reaction to our attempts to make it easily available".

Brian Grossman, associate Professor in McGill's faculty of law, agreed. "Running the ad is probably illegal", he said. "However, it will probably be allowed to continue if there are no serious complaints."

The Abortion Advisory Service is located at 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and can be reached by telephone seven days a week, from 10 am. to 10 pm. at 212-490-2190.

Community McGill: *Involvement stressed*

The ever-present spectre of student apathy seems to have had no effect on the Community McGill programme.

The fourth floor office in the Union has been swamped by students offering their services, and organizers have had to work long shifts in order to accomodate all relevant information.

by Nigel Gibson

General Director Cynthia Taylor, who has been handling the bulk of the preliminary interviewing, stated that the response had been "overwhelming". Miss Taylor added that as a result "we can be choosy, and not just accept anyone that applies".

People involved in the programme are undergraduates, graduates, and staff from McGill, Sir George, and the wider community.

Organizers described the programme as sensitizing the academic community to the needs and problems of different populations in the city, as well as tapping the vast potential of the volunteer as a community resource.

The programme is the result of the merging of the Montreal Student Health Organization, and the McGill Mental Health Volunteers, however organizers pointed out that the new programme intends to go far beyond the confines of the clinic.

At the Allen Memorial Institute Community McGill volunteers tutor teen-age patients in different high school subjects, thus making their return to school a lot easier.

Other volunteers at the Allen provide companionship, as well as organizing a diverse recreational programme that includes dances, music lessons, and occasional field trips.

Volunteers at the Allen also work with discharged patients, helping them in the often traumatic experience of adjusting once again to the social situation.

At the Child and Adolescent Clinic on Pine Ave, volunteers work through a big brother and big sister programme to provide both friendship and academic assistance.

The Montreal Children's Hospital has an outpatient programme with volunteers providing both tutoring and companionship, as well as helping mothers in different ways with their kids.

At the Douglas Hospital in Verdun volunteers try to improve the depressing atmosphere of a depressing atmosphere of a chronic mental hospital by organizing recreational activities, as well as providing desperately needed companionship.

Community McGill also collaborates with the Family Service Association by providing volunteers for many of the human problems handled by the organization.

These may range from providing companionship to lonely old people throughout the city, to tutoring people wishing to qualify for Manpower courses, to working with retarded children.

In Little Burgundy and Point St. Charles volunteers are involved in several community projects including a drop-in centre for adolescents.

While on the one hand there is a wealth of human material, on the other hand Community McGill may soon suffer from a shortage of funds.

The Students' Society has come through again with a generous contribution, but the University that last year provided the volunteer programme with $12,000 has informed organizers that they may not expect more than a token contribution this year.

Despite emphasizing that the human element is the most important factor, Miss Taylor stated that many projects could be expanded with additional funds. "We could do such fantastic stuff," she added wistfully.

Volunteers are still needed for every field of activity, persons interested are asked to visit room 412 in the Union during posted office hours.

'Drop in the Bucket' ends with a splash

The Drop in the Bucket campaign to raise money for international education winds up with a splash tonight at a seven-hour band concert and community benefit.

The campaign, which started last Wednesday, is part of a nation-wide effort encompassing all the universities in Canada. In Montreal it was organized by a group of about 70 students from Loyola, MacDonald College, and McGill.

McGill's part of the campaign got under way on Tuesday night with the arrival at the Union of the huge "Canadian barrel" from Halifax. The barrel is slowly moving across Canada collecting profits which will go to the Canada Save the Children Fund.

On Wednesday the proceeds from all coffee and doughnuts sales in the Union or the McConnell Engineering building went to the campaign and on Thursday canvassers across the campus asked students for "25 cents - just a drop in the bucket."

Tonight Cycles Circus is presenting a community benefit in the Union Ballroom, starting at 6 pm. and ending sometime after 1 am. Featured on the show will be Punch, the Floyd Jones Group, Rapunzel, Harris, the Spectralights light show, and others.

The proceeds from this show will mainly go to Cansave, but organizers also plan to make donations to the Community Switchboard, the N.D.G. Youth Clinic and the Westmount Youth Clinic.

McGILL PREMEDICAL SOCIETY

presents

Dr. D. G. Kinnear

Assoc. Dean (Admissions) - Faculty of Medicine McGill

on

"Medical Admissions at McGill"

Fri., Nov. 13; 1 pm

*Location: Francis Seminar Room (4th floor McIntyre Medical Bldg; reached via Medical Library on 3rd floor)

All Welcome

FRIDAY *8:30 PM*

The MADWOMAN of CHAILLOT

SGWU ROOM H-110 *Tickets sold at the door*

SATURDAY TWO SHOWINGS 6 PM & 8:30 PM

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Radiophysics Laboratory, Thayer School of Engineering

THAYER SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING, DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, will be holding on-campus interviews on 24 November for prospective graduate students at the master's and doctoral levels in most engineering areas. Sign up in the Placement Office.

STAFF BOX

nite-ed **norah** freezes on the trolley wall-awallawash and camelinthezoo as the pogo song goes, **rick** on desk, **bob, tom** and **joey** censoring around, **arnold** came up with the naiman epic all by his lonesome and **nigel** gallantly comes thru with his feature on request. And on the graveyard shift the **phantom pen** mopes over censors on his neck and a grilling by streetfuzz looking for pilgrims carrying crosses.

On freedom of speech

There is a measure of irony in the fact the the Prime Minister has traditionally been a defender of civil rights and has sought to enshrine them in the Constitution. His opponents, on the other hand, have sometimes argued that civil rights were strictly secondary to the rights of the Nation, or that free speech was irrelevant. There is no point in trying to score points now. But I think there is a point in trying to sort out some of the difficulties which leftists have encountered in trying to come to grips with free speech in the present crisis. We have come to appreciate, rather more keenly than we might have expected, that free speech really is terribly important. But the concept has been so badly confused that we simply do not know how to mount a serious defense. I would like to make a few suggestions as a start towards a new clarification.

The myth of tolerance

For several decades the power structures in Western societies have used "free speech" for their own ends. Every effort has been made to encourage us to speak out "democratically". Hence the gradual spread of the "Hyde Park" mentality. Media magnates, government agencies, university administrators, etc., have created little corners where people can "have their say". This is what I mean by the "Hyde Park" mentality. It creates a context in which people can say anything - or almost anything - but a context in which that "free" speech can have virtually no consequences. Free speech has thereby been affirmed with a technique which guarantees that it shall be impotent speech. Information, free speech, and political action have traditionally been related in democratic societies. But we have watched the progressive disintegration of these relations. We now candidly admit that we "sell" our political candidates, and that news and information is managed. Thus one of the ways by which those in power stay in power is by successfully providing people with the illusion that their talk is listened to and that their opinions and votes count.

As a segment of the population realized that it had been "conned" into thinking that free speech was being encouraged because the power structure was listening, it was natural that one sought gradually to extend the protection of free speech to free action. Governments, corporations, university administrators, editors... may not care what is said, but they surely respond to pickets, to sit-ins, to demonstrations, etc. Once established authorities were seen to be cynically using free speech merely as a defusing device, free speech - far from being a good, was seen as a trap. Marcuse has brilliantly analysed this sort of thing in his essay on "Repressive Tolerance".

Extensions of free speech

And yet for all too many, the real trap was to conclude that because establishments had systematically sought to emasculate free speech, that therefore there was no point in seeking to preserve it. Extending the category of free speech to cover some forms of action produced a new probelm. Wanting to restore some potency to speech, we have sought to include some sorts of demonstrations as proper extensions of the right of free speech - a supplementing, if you will, of the right of free speech with the right of assembly. This kind of extension need not be unreasonable since the constituent parts retain their identities. But in fact it has proven to be an all too easy next step conceptually to unify speech and action, so that speech is action. Then, however, establishments are enabled to claim that suppression of speech is "really" suppression of action.

Verbal violence and verbal terrorism

There is a second distinguishable force contributing to the collapse of any distinction between speech and action. And it is particularly evident in Quebec. Just as establishments have welcomed the blurring of the talk/action distinction in order to be justified in exercising repressive tactics, so we find opponents of the establishments talking about verbal violence and verbal terrorism in order to be justified in countering (verbal) violence with violence. But this converse move plays into the hands of the repressive forces just as effectively as the extension of speech to action. It is another instance where radical movements provide establishments with the logical means for suppressing free speech.

Kids used to have a ritual incantation that went: "sticks and stones may break my bones but names will never hurt me." Of course we know that names do hurt us. We know that the conceptual scheme that shows itself in our language may have the effect of dehumanizing us. Especially when we are obliged to see ourselves to understand ourselves, in terms of someone else's history, or categories, or language. If one is violently attacked, one may legitimately respond with violence. Thus it seems that if one is attacked with verbal violence, the response with a machine-gun is appropriate. But if speech is action, if I can respond to "verbal terrorism" with a gun, then the establishment can play the moves right back by suppressing both my action and talk. Once again I no longer have any conceptual basis for objecting to the establishment's suppression of my speech since I have already claimed that speech is action.

Too close to 1984

I conclude that we had better reconsider the category of free speech. The first form of blunting the distinction between speech and action tends to be evolutionary in character. Yet even so ardent a defender of free speech as U.S. Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black has recently been resistant to some extensions of the concept to certain actions. He has always been opposed to any sorts of limits on free speech, e.g., libel, obscenity, etc. But he knows full well that once you make major extensions of the speech concept to cover a wide variety of actions, it becomes not only easier, but actually necessary to introduce limiting conditions and circumstances and hence to undercut the absolute character he would reserve for the right of free speech. The second blurring technique moves from action to speech - extending the category of action rather than of speech. There is still, however, a primitive distinction between being the target of verbal violence and being physically attacked. If we lose sight of that distinction, we will be unable to make sense of the notion of "free speech".

I have sought to suggest two ways in which our own responses to the moves of the power elites have provided those power elites with the conceptual tools needed to obliterate the category of free speech. We may indeed be too close to 1984 to have any hope of making industrial societies responsive to the needs and concerns of people. On the other hand, merely because the liberal ideologists have for so long sought to corrupt the language of political freedom generally, and freedom of speech in particular, is no reason to let them win by default. Free speech may, in fact, be a presupposition for a democratic society. Like most presuppositions, it is not easy to argue for. Or is it that we no longer care? Recent discussions of who "really" killed Pierre Laporte suggest that what were once obvious distinctions can no longer apparently even be detected. George Orwell wrote 1984 as a warning, not a history. Is that distinction also too subtle for us?

Harry M. Bracken

Harry Bracken is a Professor in the Department of Philosophy.

McGILL DAILY

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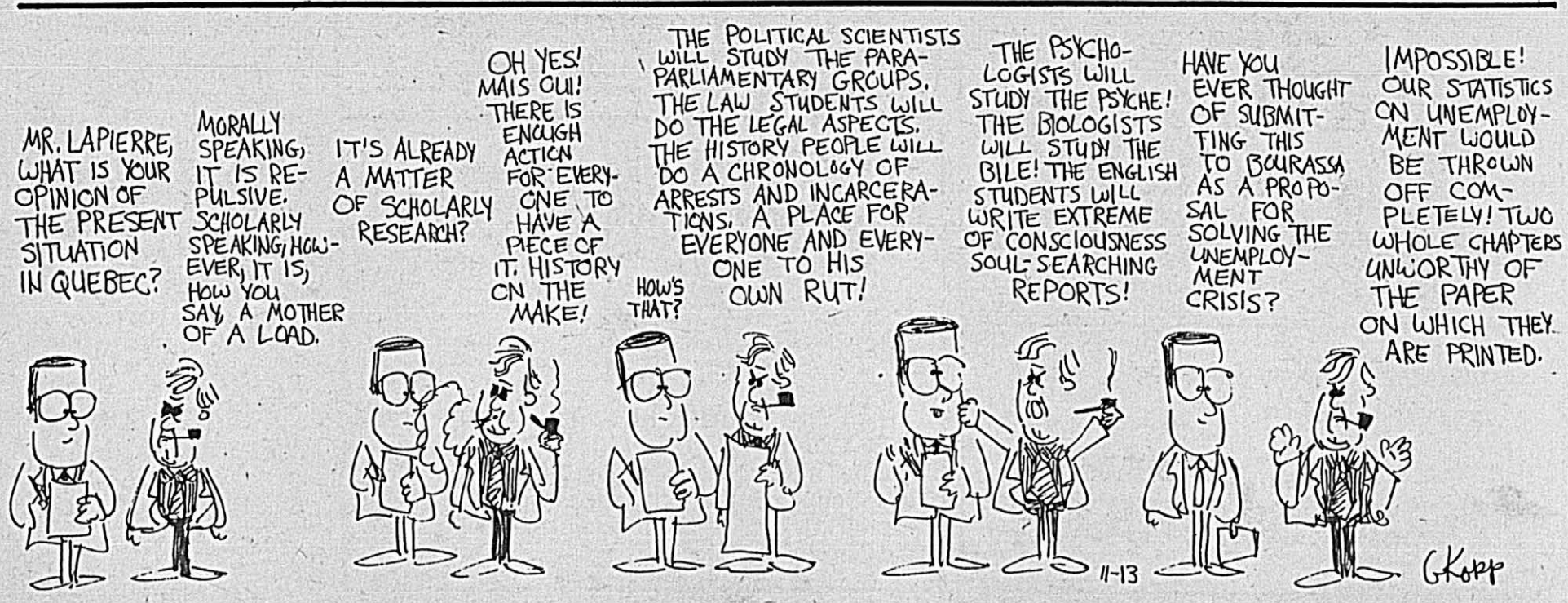
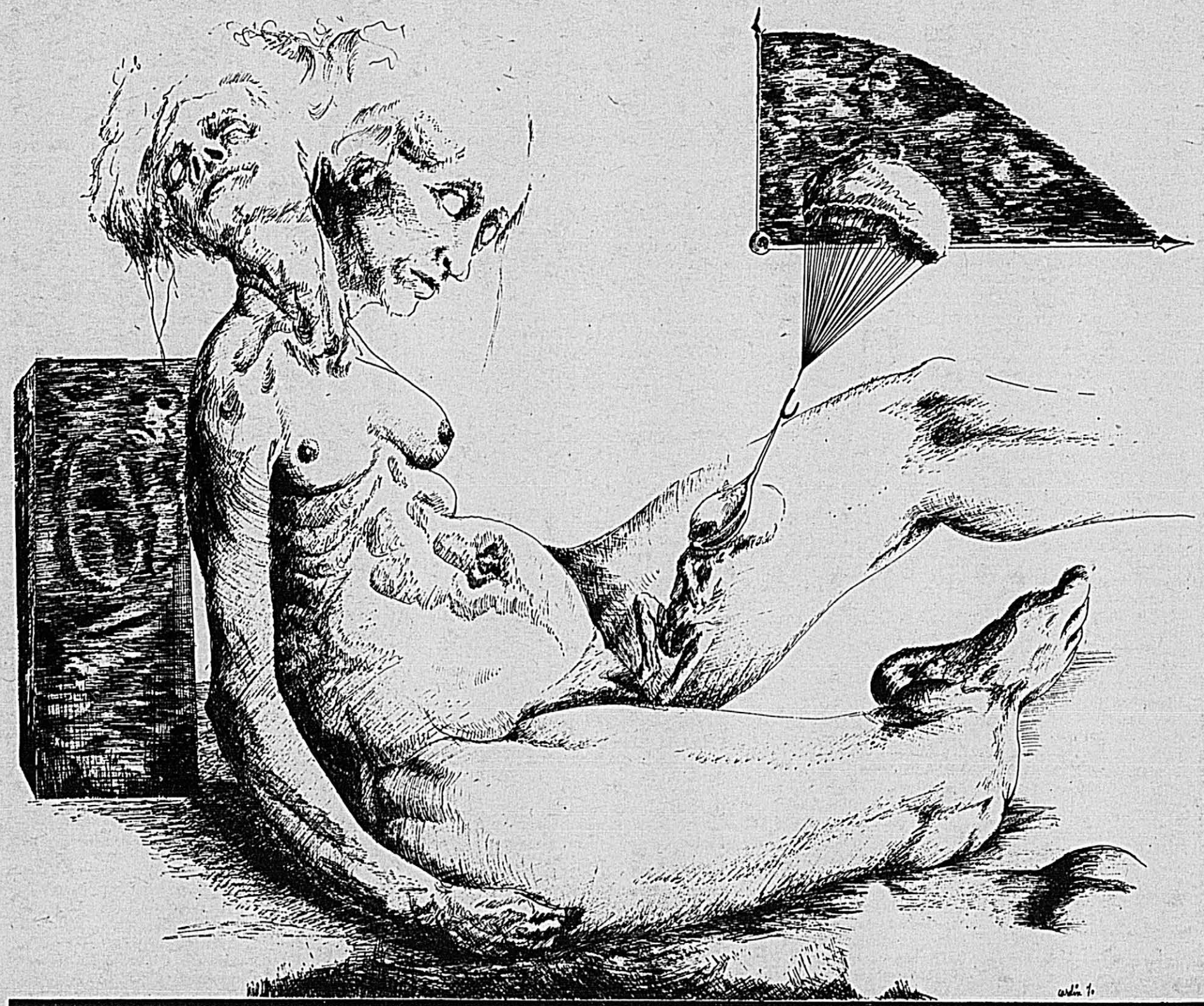




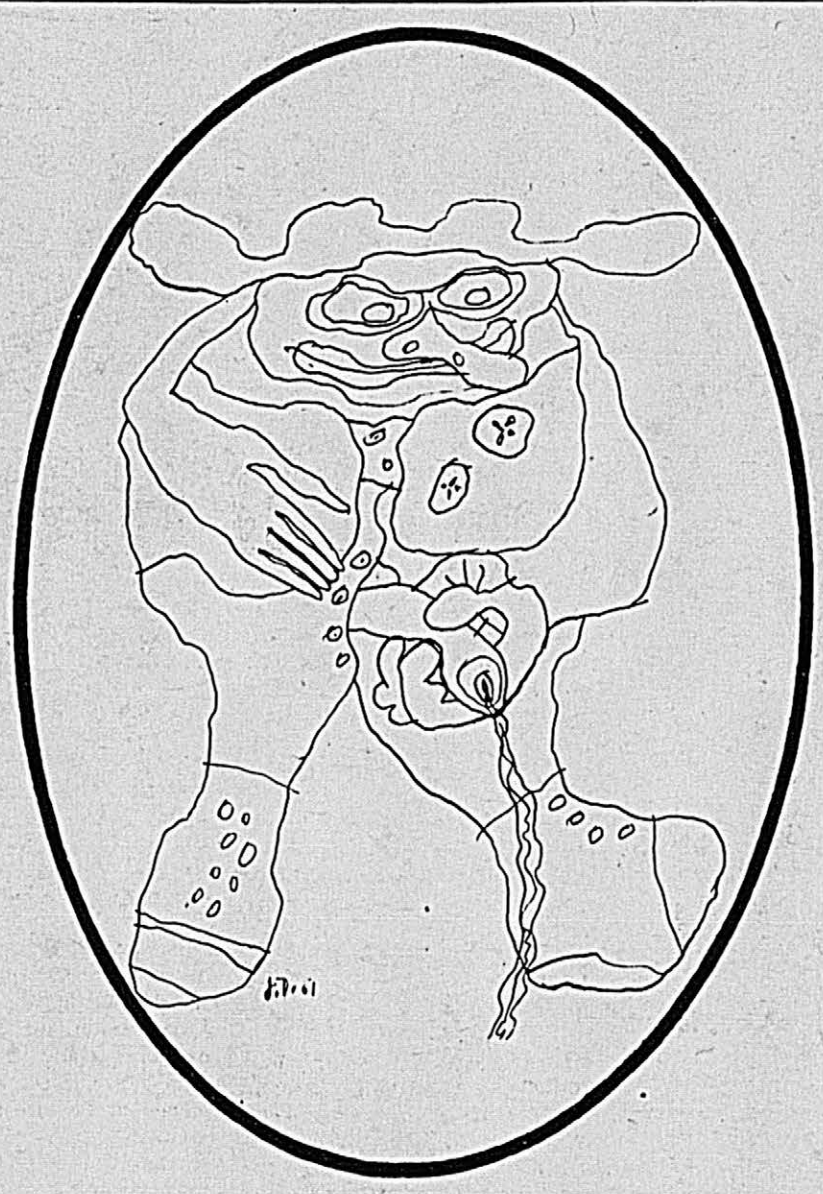
theSupplement

NOVEMBER 13, 1970

PASSÉ?

AN INTERVIEW WITH JOHN GLASSCO

by emmie geggie and paul benjamin



John Glassco, in his own words, is 'one of McGill's more Celebrated dropouts who didn't drop out of life'. In fact, he raises Hackney ponies and writes books.

It all started in 1928 when he left McGill and Montreal, a disgruntled student, and went to Paris to pursue a career in writing. After several months, his father stopped his allowance, thus necessitating a series of wierd, if not wonderful, means of living. MEMOIRS OF MONTPARNASSE describes the adventures of a young Canadian in the expatriate colony in Paris between the years 1928 and 1931.

It is not a glorious account of the celebrities and their wild life in the Eternal City. Instead, it is the view of an unestablished writer, struggling to make his name and his living. One day we see Glassco eating and drinking in comparative comfort; the next, he earns a meal by posing for pornographic postcards.

He sees the great writers there with refreshing candor. Unlike most people there, he finds himself "unable to worship at the shrine" of Gertrude Stein. After beeing incredibly rude to her at one of her famous soirees, he remarks that he was not invited back.

MEMOIRS OF MONTPARNASSE (Oxford University Press 1970) is one of the best books to come out of Canada, as well as being one of the most lucid accounts of its subject.

Talking to Glassco today about his experiences in Paris, I found it easy to believe all that he describes. Like many people, he found it hard to fit into his contemporary Montreal society. Paris helped him find himself, both as a writer and human being.

The charm and aura of the expatriate colony in Paris fascinates us today, perhaps because although many of us want to run, the world is too small a place to do it in. That a paradise of sorts that existed forty years ago creates a nostalgia, not only for the good old days, but also for the bad old days that made the paradise a necessity for some.

Glassco has gone to Paris, which has changed tremendously since 1930. Rue Daguerre, where he lived for one summer, is now a large street market, in an area of Paris which is no longer considered quite run down. The only Canadian expatriate living there now is Mavis Gallant: the others like Richler and Levine hang out in London.

Today, Glassco says that one might as well stay in Montreal if you want to write. Or go and join the cafe crowd at Auberge Brome Lake - there they have Cinzano and Gitanes.

INTERVIEWER: Why did you go to Paris in the first place?

GLASSCO: I just wanted to be where the action was. London wasn't too bad then but it was stuffy. But Paris was simply the swinging place. It was a fun place – you could meet people there.

INTERVIEWER: Is it still where things happen?

GLASSCO: Paris had changed so much the last time I was there – I don't think there's much going on now. There is no expatriate colony any more.

INTERVIEWER: Do you think that expatriatism plays a large role in creativity?

GLASSCO: Oh yes, in those days it did. Most writers and artists then just had to get away. I don't think that you know how unbearable North America was at that time. Babbittry and so on.

INTERVIEWER: Babbitt really did hold true?

GLASSCO: Oh yes. The idea that you wanted to be a poet was appalling. You were immediately suspected of being a homosexual, a communist – they all went together in a package. The only respectable career was law, or medicine, or the civil service, or academics. The States I suppose were even worse than Montreal at the time. The idea of the expatriates was always, 'Do I have to go back to New York?'

GLASSCO: The most fortunate thing that ever happened was that I had a terrible fight with my father. I was so bored with college at the time. I tried to put myself through for a couple of months, but I found that it just wasn't worth it. The teaching level was rather low at the time. . . oh they were qualified academics, but very dusty, dull, cap and gown types. I was sadly precocious. Taking all the English courses, I realized that I had read the curricula a year or two before. In some cases, I knew more than the lecturer did. I did skip classes until I found out that you had attend a certain number of them before you could write the exam. So my big problem was to sit in the lecture room and try and screen out the lecturer's voice. It was just too discouraging. Of course I was there under Sir Arthur Currie, who tried to run the university like an army. After a few months, he found out that it didn't work. There were a certain number of informers who informed him of certain things.

INTERVIEWER: Like the CIA?

GLASSCO: Well, that was what they tried to do. To be a Socialist then was really something.

INTERVIEWER: What do you think about universities today, the student activism and such?

GLASSCO: I don't really know, for I don't really go near the universities much these days, except to the libraries, and I don't know many students.

INTERVIEWER: Do you think that riots are healthy offshoots of a university society?

GLASSCO: No, I don't think that riots are healthy, but the rebellion certainly is. It was very quiet in my day – there were only a handful of rebels. All the rest were good students.

INTERVIEWER: And your rebellion took place by going to Paris.

GLASSCO: Yes, I didn't join any societies or carry any placards.

INTERVIEWER: Did you ever regret leaving McGill in your third year, without a degree?

GLASSCO: Oh no! I'm terribly glad I didn't. I might have ended up as a professor.

INTERVIEWER: Do you think that you would have written something if you had stayed in Canada?

GLASSCO: No. Oh, I might have written something, a few Academic monographs perhaps!

INTERVIEWER: How long were you actually in Paris?

GLASSCO: About three years, from February 1928 to 1931. In the Memoirs, there is practically a whole year left out, in little bits and pieces. One gets the impression that everything happened bang-bang, but there were long periods of boredom. Too, I was trying to work.

INTERVIEWER: I have been reading a lot of books about that period. . . what do you think of all the renewed interest in Paris and all the memoirs of the expatriate writers?

GLASSCO: Hemingway's A Moveable Feast captures quite a bit of the atmosphere, and so does Morley Callaghan's That Summer in Paris. Those two are pretty good. And some of Scott Fitzgerald's work. But Henry Miller who was in Paris then had a completely different view of things. He was at Montmartre with the very down to earth kind of people.

INTERVIEWER: What did you think of the French writers of the time?

GLASSCO: Well, I liked them.

INTERVIEWER: Why do so few of the memoirs make mention of the French literary scene?

GLASSCO: You know, there was really no connection between the English literary colony and the French. In the first place, the Americans, and to an extent, the rest, simply did not wish it.

INTERVIEWER: You talked to people like Andre Breton, why not the others?

GLASSCO: Oh it was the language barrier. Men like Bob McAlmon knew enough French to order drinks and meals.

INTERVIEWER: But language barriers can be broken.

GLASSCO: There was no real need to for Montparnasse was as much French as it was English – you heard as much of either language. The point of contact might have been the magazine transition. Eugene Jolas would accept anything if it amused him. But, by and large, there was no contact between the French surrealists and the Ezra Pound – T.S. Eliot – Scott Fitzgerald-Gertrude Stein set.

INTERVIEWER: I find it hard to believe that foreigners could go to France and not take an active interest in culture and language; didn't that strike you as being peculiar?

GLASSCO: They had there own ideas, I guess. It's a pity there was no cross-fertilization of cultures. There was an awful lot of translation of French and Russian, German and Chinese, done by established writers.

INTERVIEWER: You don't seem to think much about the academic environment, yet some of the conversations recorded in the Memoirs, those on the subject of writing, sounded awfully academic. Was there really a kind of forum held between the writers?

GLASSCO: Oh no! There was very little actual talk about writing, very few intellectual conversation. In fact, we seem to have talked more about sex and drinks, food and places to go. If you wanted to write in Paris you had to be like James Joyce who never joined the cafe crowd at all. The truth is that most of the people there were idlers. The young French surrealists would talk. The English though tend to be a bit tight-lipped about intellectual things. Oh, in Montreal now the little magazine people hold parties and talk about writing, if they aren't talking about getting money from the Canada Council.

INTERVIEWER: What made you come back?

GLASSCO: Oh, I got TB. I completely ruined my health and started spitting blood. In the book, I rather made too much of my relationship with Mrs. Quayle, and excessive fornication being the cause. However, I understand that it has been proved that fornication doesn't do any harm in any quantities.

INTERVIEWER: Paris was the swinging place for writers in the late twenties; where should a young writer go today?

GLASSCO: I think I'd settle for Montreal now, I wouldn't go away.

MEMOIRES OF MONTPARNASSE

by jack kapica

It becomes a difficult task to discuss what may be considered the best novel written in Canada in many years. The hardcover edition of John Glassco's "Memoirs of Montparnasse" which hit the stands earlier this year is completely sold out and already a collector's item. But it takes a lot more people than those few who bought the first edition to give the book the recognition it deserves.

"Memoirs" is an odd work. The old razzle-dazzle of the Paris-in-the-twenties euphoria is impaled on Glassco's pen and hovers between a true fictional novel and genuine memoirs. It is anachronistic, debauched, fin-de-siècle art nouveau. It combines the judicious mendacity of Frank Harris, the wit of Leacock, the hedonism of Beardsley and the architectural carefulness of Flaubert. And yet it seems as if it were written yesterday.

Glassco adamantly insists that he wrote the memoirs in 1932-33, in the Royal Victoria Hospital where he was waging a fight for his life against tuberculosis. As he would have you believe, the memoirs sat on a shelf for thirty five years before he even looked at them again.

The first chapter of the book was printed in the Parisian magazine "'This Quarter" in 1929, and a quick trip to the library and a comparison of the original with the one in the book easily disproves his assertion that he had "changed very little of the original". Moreover, some of the judgements that he passes on characters that flit in and out of his prose smack of time-cured criticism. It is in a consideration such as this when one is tempted to believe him in his insistence that he is an inveterate liar.

But who cares?

The appeal of the 20's mob is still electric. After all, it wasn't so long ago that Hemingway's posthumous "Moveable Feast" was published. And down they went, like ducks in a carny shooting-gallery: Gertrude Stein, Ford Maddox Ford, Hemingway, Morley Callaghan, James Joyce and Frank Harris.

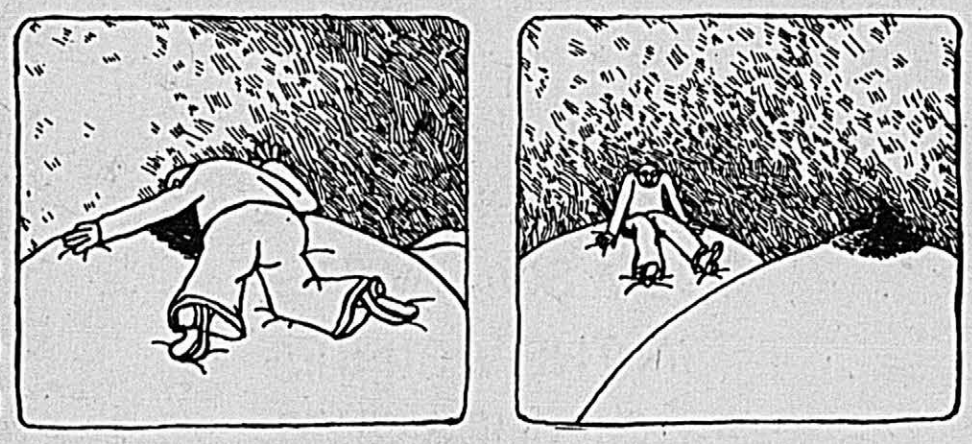
The charm of Glassco's novel keeps going where Hemingway (in the Moveable Feast) feared to tread. Glassco's wit extended to himself where the in-crowd took themselves with as much seriousness as they did with Dadaism. He comes out as a social blunderer, tripping over the heels of Gertrude Stein's improbable wit, and murdering Morley Callaghan's reputation with the subtlety of a bulldozer. Frank Harris goes down in the flames of dirty-old-manhood and Hemingway rode his reputation so quickly that he became a coattail which Glassco couldn't catch.

The whole is wrapped in a Gothic urbanity which is so slick and yet so fresh. What makes it all so close to home is an author who uses Montreal as his home to underline Paris. The writing style is definitely not Canadian, and yet nobody but a Canadian could have written it. This juxtaposition of style on content becomes particularly interesting in his descriptions of McGill, from which he dropped out. One has never seen this university or this city looked upon with Glassco's style, and yet it is all so accurate.

However, Montreal compared to Paris has a lot to make up for. That debauched old French whore who catered so well to the tastes of Glassco in the twenties has been replaced in his estimation by Montreal, which looks more like a hesitant virgin timidly clamouring for attention. But perhaps we shall all turn to the younger girl in our aging years.

The imp who tweaked the cheeks of the greats has had the last laugh. He never grew up to be the enfant terrible as he could have been, but into an artist as true as the ones he wrote about.

Read it... if you can get it.



BOOVIE ELEPHANT

A REVIEW

by louise abbott

A new art form has been born – the "boovie". A fusion of book and movie, the boovie is the brainchild of M. Vaughn-James, a Canadian in his late twenties. But in all fairness to the creators of those comic book cult figures Superman, Batman, Spiderman, etc. etc. (apologies to Mickey Mouse fans), the boovie is not an entirely original conception. It is far more refined and sophisticated than a Dell publication; yet, undeniably it owes much to the comic book.

Elephant is Vaughn-James' recently (and to my knowledge his first) published-produced boovie. At the end ot the work there appears a photograph of the author-filmmaker – a brooding and strikingly Joycean young man clad in tweed. But the sobriety of Vaughn-James' appearance is certainly lost in the warmth and good humour of **Elephant**.

In drawings laid out like montage shots from a film, **Elephant** moves forward in something of a narrative line. We follow the events in the day of a bald fifty-ish man. However, the narrative line is advantageously amorphous; it allows Vaugh-James the full realm of his brilliant imagination. The events depicted are banal enough. We see the protagonist as he is awakened by a ruthlessly ringing alarm cock, emerges from under the covers, washes, shaves, dresses, etc., and sets off for work in an impersonal office. Our protagonist is no Superman of invincible strength and virtue. He is Mr. Averageman, yet his fantasies make his prosaic existence more hazardous and outlandish than any Superman escapade.

While Vaughn-James' draughtsmanship is far from accomplished, he nonetheless succeeds in conjuring up all the delightful and sometimes painful irrationality of our dreams, both waking and sleeping. In his (sleeping) dreams the protagonist runs between rows of hot electric irons, and later struggles to climb a mountainous breast and grasp the summit nipple. Reminiscent of Jerry Robinson's Still Life (a cartoon done under the auspices of Alfred E. Neuman), there are scenes in his dreams in which teakettle, alarm clock, and telephone converse in rather meaningless nonsequiturs (so characteristic of our everday anti-communication). Balloon speeches then accompany the pictorial presentation in certain cases, but not with the high frequency of comic books.

Many of the fantasies which toss and turn in the protagonist's head (and transform it at various intervals to light bulb, t.v. set, porcelain toilet bowl, etc.) are much more than lighthearted whimsy. The vision which the protagonist has of his boss as a lion and the vision which the lion and the vision which he has of himself brutally attacking this boss-beast quite powerfully reveal all the frustrations which the protagonist suffers as victim of our urbanized jungle. (And perhaps the title Elephant suggests that only a thickskinned creature like the elephant can survive in our urban wilds.)

This boovie then is not simply a frivolous fantasyland; there is definitely serious intention behind many of the clever surrealistic images. It is this interplay, this tension between the serious and the comic which allows the work to stand as something more than a pop-culture nonsense book.

So, **Elephant** has something for those who want more gutsy material. (A scene in which the protagonist is entangled in a heap of membraneous vocal cords is guaranteed to satisfy these latter readers.) There is only one drawback – while this boovie comes in book format, it comes at higher-than-average movie price – $3.50. But don't despair... perhaps a new society will be established at McGill which will offer series of boovies at reduced rates. In the meantime you are welcome to borrow my copy, on the understanding that it won't come back waterlogged, dog-chewed, or having been subjected to some other form of inhumane treatment.

EDITOR – charlie gurd
ASSOCIATE EDITORS – brian segal, deborah zack
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ADDITIONAL CREDITS – drawing (p.2) – reproduction of a pen and ink work by Jean Dubuffet entitled PISSEUR A DROITE X (1961) drawing-(p.3) – from the cover of Memoires of Montparnasse, Oxford Press.-drawing (p.4 & 6. top) – c. gurd. drawing (p.6, bottom) b. ayre-photo (p.7) arthur shay-photo (p.8) tom paskal

COVER – pen and ink sketch by Michel Cardin of the Ecole de Beaux Arts.

Vacuums are dark. Don't be afraid of the light.

The Supplement wants to create, and to share the creations of students with the community. But if we keep to ourselves, The Supplement will be purposeless – let's come together. The campus isn't as lonely as you think. Let us know what you think about what we're doing – what we should be doing. We are located in the basement of the Student Union, 3480 McTavish, room B41, tel. 392-8921. The Supplement is published every second Friday with the McGill Daily by the Students' Society of McGill University.

I'M TRAPPED IN A POEM SOMEWHERE IN THE VICINITY OF SUDBURY

HELP

by steven freygood

What happened, see, is that I was sitting quietly on this nice grey boulder looking at this birch tree when a truck stopped on the highway a few yards away and these guys got out. One of them had a big camera which he set up facing the tree. Another guy got out and set up another camera so he could photograph the first camera while a rather fragile girl started pushing around a huge movie outfit taking pictures of me watching the other cameras although actually I was trying to watch the tree. Pretty soon a volkswagen pulled up near the truck and out jumped a large bearded gent in a green Pendleton shirt. As soon as he came over he hauled out a portable tape recorder and lots of wire and microphones which he attached to everything. From out of the woods came a pale young man with sandy hair who told me he was a poet and asked if I had any paper. When I told him no, he became morose and went around to everyone explaining that he was a Canada Council poet and could they lend him a piece of paper. I was skeptical and said "I am a simple soul and lack the words. If you are a poet would you please describe that tree". (though by now the tree was obscured behind a mass of equipment and artists.) "Sure, I'd be happy to mister, as soon as I find a piece of paper," and he disappeared toward the highway where yet a third vehicle had stopped.

Up the hill came a tall woman with raven hair, a violet pancho and a confident stride. She was carrying several cans of paint. First she went up to the tree and smeared green acrylic on the bark, standing back to observe the effect shouldering the various artists and technicians out of the way. Then she began daubing paint on everything, the tree, the cameras, and some pale yellow on my forehead, all the while running up and down from the road to observe the overall effect. "Tell me all about yourself." came a voice in my ear. Turning around I was facing a smiling young fellow in a white corduroy suit and immaculate blonde sideburns. "I'm sorry, but I can't hear you over the noise" for by this time all the artists were arguing about vantage point, and perspective and relative sound densities and someone tripped over a microphone wire which didn't improve matters. "I said I'm from the CBC and noticed your picnic here. We would like to know about your hopes, your desires, the general aesthetic concept which you are trying to project etc. etc. "Just speak into the microphone." "I'm afraid I'm not the director you'd better..." At this point the poet returned triumphantly waving a brown notebook. "Hey mister, I can help you out now." The CBC producer asked me if this was the director and I said no he is a poet and is going to describe me that tree. "What tree" asked the CBC producer and sure enough the artists (which by now included a socialist realist playwright and his shorthand secretary) had cut down the tree (which was promptly removed by a sculptor hiding behind a bush) and were busy recording each other. Confused, I watched dully while the poet seated himself at my feet and began scribbling. All at once the sky seemed to darken, my brain began reeling and I felt myself being slowly drained, emptied...

One of the unfortunate by-products of civilisations, and this is true of all advanced civilisations, is the ability of a culture to realise its wildest dreams, to package its fantasies until a point is reached when the package cannot be distinguished from the dream. As a race we humans are very unsure of ourselves and can only assure ourselves of our own exitence by displaying the products of our existence, palaces, churches, paintings, manuscripts, suburban housing. Whether it is a state or a sculpture, the more solid, well-organised, and enduring the art form, the more secure is the artist and the more valuable is he considered by his critics who also want the same king of reassurance. I needn't go into all the religious injunctions against this sort of thinking. What I am concerned about is the fate of those social and artistic ideas which have been neglected or deliberately forced into oblivion by artistic and social materialists who label them as trivial, primitive, anarchic.

Consider the following art forms; jazz, home cooking, Navajo sand painting, blues singing, storytelling, baroque harpsichord playing, sand castle architecture, Hindu music, flower arranging, skywriting, the sailor's jug, the game of "let's play house", conversation, and the art of mud-pie baking. If a civilisation of men say 300,000 years ago had practised nothing but these arts we could only conclude today that such men were ignorant, artless savages. In fact, it is the very ephemeral character of these art forms which gives them both charm and significance. Such creations are close to the immediate concept of the artist and do not deny the transient nature of life in the way that materialistic art does.

At many periods in history and in many cultures such art forms have enjoyed various degrees of popularity and respectability. In our own time, particularly in the last twenty years, several of these art forms (and variations) have become increasingly popular but are of dubious respectability (jazz is now taught at several music schools and improvisation a standard part of instruction at theatre schools) though inroads are being made at the universities. Ravi Shankar freaks among the readers may be surprised to learn that until sixty or seventy years ago Hindu music was regarded by most Western musicians as very interesting but very primitive on the grounds that (to them) the music appeared vague and lacking in definite form. We know now of the great discipline to which the novice Indian musician is subjected in order to later develop the great freedom of the master to whom ideas seemingly come out of nowhere.

It is a shame that in the eight years I have been in Montreal I have been the only musician who has managed to keep an audience reasonably entertained by improvising for an hour with a group of McGill musicians who are dedicated to the lost ephemeral arts. Unlike academics we sought to combine the arts of the spontaneous song (like the lullaby), storytelling, and the classical improvised fantasia (toccata). I have watched several theatre groups work with improvisation exercises but they have never tried to complete a program. At least actors take the exercises seriously for musicians perform improvisations ensembles which are about as interesting as conversation at a drunken cocktail party – only the participants find them amusing. For the most part concert improvisations are deliberate parodies of written music with jazz style as the only exception.

The avant-garde artist these days sees only the negative value of ephemeral art, not the positive anarchist spirit which these arts represent. It seems that this new group of artists mostly painters) resent being collected. A story has gone around that a group of painters pooled their resources, rent a bulldozer, and carved up a healthy slice of the Mojave desert. "Aha!" they thought" Now THEY can never collect what we have done". A few days later New York art dealers selling photographs taken from a small plane at 10,000 feet.

A certain Italian artist goes around the world wrapping buildings, monuments, and natural wonders in plastic and ribbon. I respect him. He's honest.

IMPROVISATION

by brian segal

Five people are gathered in a room. Each of the people is clutching an instrument in his hands. These people have gathered together to make sounds which they hope will work together. There is also a tape recorder.

Usually improvisation is understood to mean Charles Lloyd blowing his guts out with a couple of other guys as they spin out an endless reel of variations which were supposedly inspired by the moment. Usually improvisation is not understood as five or six musicians of medium instrumental dexterity attempting to put a group idea on tape. In many cases the musicians themselves do not completely understand the implications of what they are doing. But when they do, there's a chance, only a chance, mind you, that a co-operative composition will evolve.

Essentially a successful improvisation (and I haven't witnessed many) occurs when the participants attempt the simplest of effects, play only when they feel that the timing and gesture demanded by the moment spotlights them, and avoid quoting their various idols. In otherwords, a kind of reversion to honesty, clarity, and simplicity. This doesn't mean that the music will come off as simplistic noise. Let's face it, if five people are trying to react to each other, there is bound to be some inherent complexity and interest, be it rhythmic, harmonic, or melodic. In fact, if two people are trying to react to each other, the mere existence of two lines sets up implications and expectations which can only be realized by musicians who are in good control of their medium.

But is it really possible to verbalize the improvisation session? No. Just as it would be impossible to describe in words why the first subject of the last movement of Beethoven's Pastorale Symphony sounds like a hymn of thanksgiving rather than an arpeggio of a major triad.

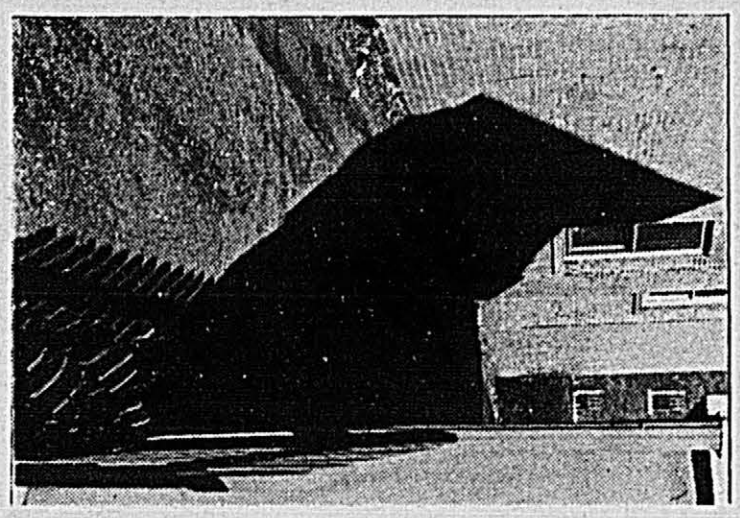
Ultimately the musician should find some interested friends, get together and hold sessions on a regular basis. There is no doubt that the first sessions will be entirely frustrating. It will take time for the members of the group to cleanse their systems of formalistic ideas, "sure fire effects" and references to well known works. An entirely new kind of ear training is necessary. Instead of depending on an oral conception of a particular scale or mode, the members of the group must learn to hear what the group is creating, and produce sound consistent with the group. For this reason a tape recorder is a preferred accessory.

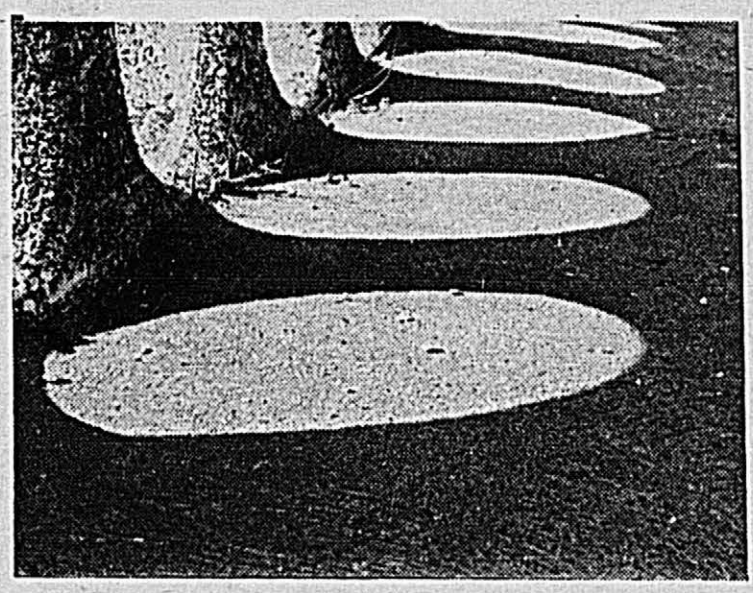
The group should attempt only the simplest of pieces, based, perhaps on a single note treated in many different ways. Eventually there is the possibility that through this kind of music making, the participants will learn invaluable lessons. His sense of gesture and timing will be heightened. His concepts of harmony will be expanded, and perhaps, his general musicality will improve.

Unfortunately examples of the above techniques are few and far between. Last year a group from McGill University under the guidance of Stephen Freygood carried out sessions for a number of months, and subsequently gave a fairly successful concert at Sir George Williams University. There are some recorded examples of more involved improvisations incorporated into the works of composers like Luciano Berio. But what we are really talking about is a type of music making that exists in the tape libraries of various individuals, and these tapes will probably never be released to the public. In otherwords, the field is so very new that those who attempt the medium will not be placed in a situation where they will feel intimidated by those around them.

SHADOW SERIES

ALAN BEALY





RED AND WHITE REVUE PREVIEW REVIEW

by o.c. mandius

For the McGill community – or immunity – enthusiasm is an emotive fallen from heaven and well out of style. We seem caught in a world where Zip and Zing are being held captive at Marvel Comics, and effervesense (the only way to spell) is patented by coka-pepsi. It's politics and lifestyle and a bummer where everything is too grey-gray.

Last year's R&W leaped into the breach screaming "Oh, No"... and got stuck head first. This year's show wants to escape, and to take the audience with them.

It's a show with a producer who claims that "the world of the musical is magical – you can escape into it for a couple of hours and come out feeling better, more together".

The producer is David Hochoy, and the world he'll be offering Montreal for a week in February is the world of the 1920's. And it's a world that fits the philosophy of his show.

"I've always seen the 20's as being carefree, a period when the world wasn't into the 'heavy times' we've got now. This is what we want to bring out: enthusiasm, youth, brightness."

"A show like this can have something no other production has – students, young people. This can be fantastic, because you don't get the same 'joi de vivre' with professionals." he added.

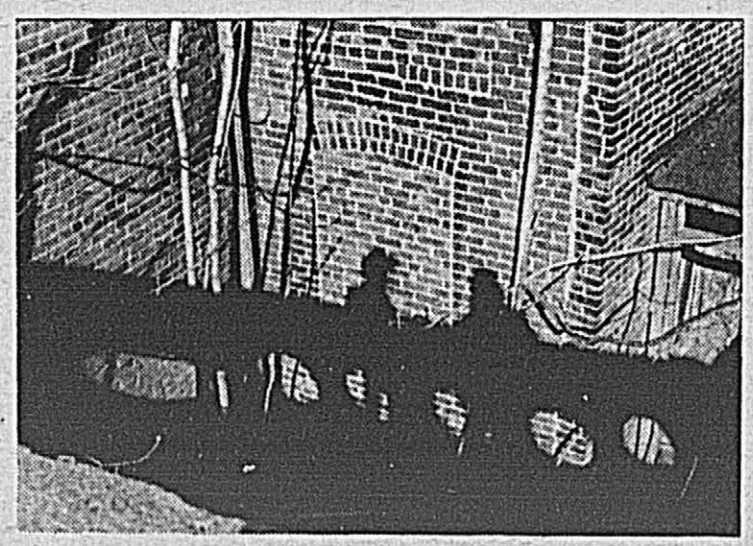
Hochoy knows that one hassle the Red and White has to overcome is its reputation for being an 'in clique' doing their own thing on students' society money. And this is a real hassle, for it's in direct contradiction to the philosophy of the show he wants to produce.

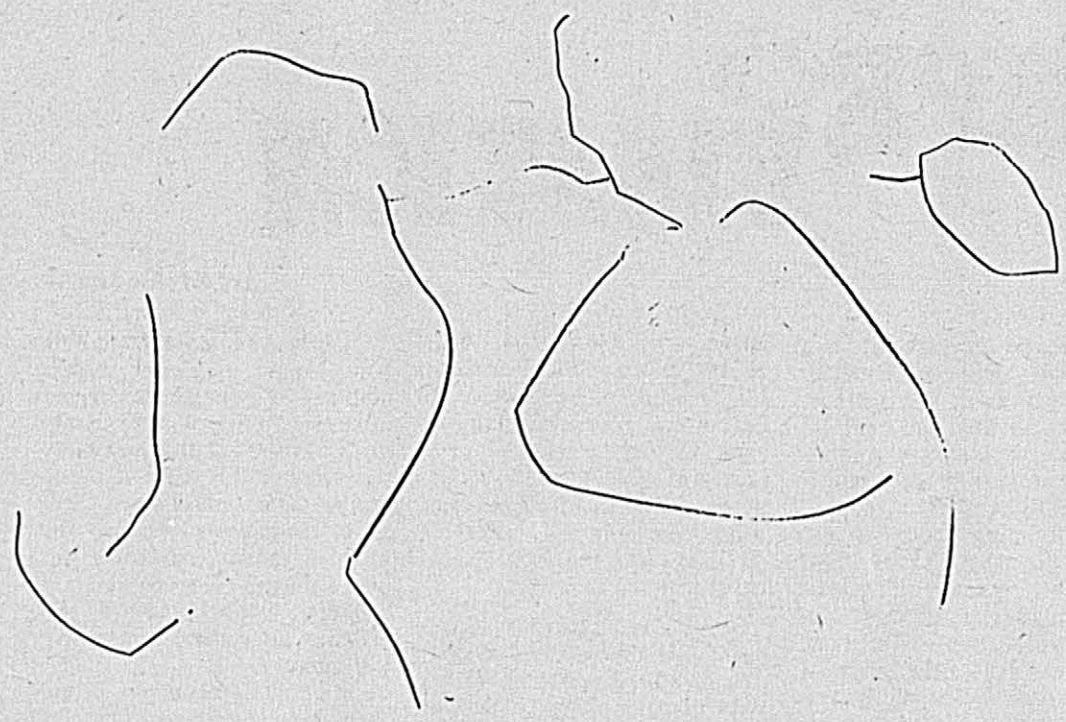
"Part of this problem is tied in with the whole apathy scene on campus," Hochoy said. "People couldn't identity with something where they didn't have a chance to get involved. A lot of the organizations around here are so highly structured that people just couldn't get into them. That's what we are going to get away from."

There are some 20 parts open in the show, with eight of them being leads, and auditions will continue tomorrow in Union room B 26 starting at 11 a.m. Hochoy sait that the auditions have been publicized in various parts of Montreal, but that director Joel Greenberg has been told to consider McGill students trying out first.

"But it's up the student here to come out and try out if they want to get involved – they're the ones we really want. And it's not just actors or actresses we want, because the Red and White needs a huge production staff too.Anyone interested in the production side should either speak to me during the auditions, or leave us a note in our box in the Students' Council office."

These are, of course, words that have been used many times before. And it's an appeal that may not sound that sophisticated or hip. But campus cool and 'relevance' have become commodities to be bought at any freak shop, or found in the dingy realms of the inarticulate 'heavy'. The world of this up-coming Red and White could (and should) be the refuge for those who want out by coming in.





OCEAN SONGS (TO BE SUNG)

WRITTEN BY BRANDY AYRE

OCEAN SONG

The gulls fly up high in the sky
White water splashing up over the rocks
Good morning calling from the window
Come take a walk by the ocean

The small stones lying in your hands
As silent as dreams of the silver sea
The wind, the waves are water friends
Come take my hand for the now
and say hello to the old man
say hello to the children
The sea is singing its song for you
We're all one and the same again.

The sun comes up the world turns 'round
Seasons spin water around the sky
Time will change some things we've found
Just take my hand for the now
oh and feel the sun upon your face
feel the wind it's in your hair
The sea is singing
The sky is everywhere

The sun comes up the world turns 'round
Seasons spin water around the sky
Time will change somethings we've found
Come take a walk for the now
and the ocean.

SHE LIVES ON THE FAR SIDE OF TOWN

Have you been to the far side of town
where the white river flows
and the silver birch grow in the shade
That's where my lady goes
well she lives on the far side of town
just beyond the railway
and the next time that she comes around
I think I'll ask her to stay

When the Lord made her heart he took gold
From the fields full of grain
and the song that she sings in her soul
soars like a bird on the wing
and she lives on the far side of town
just beyond the railway
and the next time that she comes around
I think I'll ask her to stay

I see her in sunsets
before the day's end
running a race with the wind
you know I've been searching
for someone like her
now I'll never need to again
well she lives on the far side of town
just beyond the railway
and the next time that she comes around
I think I'll ask her to stay.

FISHERMAN

My friend is waking, hours before dawn
Putting his boots on, he's up and he's gone
Dragging his nets across the sand
Out on the ocean a sail and a man

Fisherman I never knew
What the water within us could do

He sets his course by the lines in his hand
Silently waiting, as long as he can
The sun beats down on the hat that he wears
Waves tell him things, that only he hears

Fisherman I never knew
What the water within us could do
until you

you came on singing
a king with a crown
fresh fish this morning
pennies a pound
all of the ladies
gathering around
you in the market in town

Fisherman I never knew
What the water within us could do
until you
until you
came along.

I KNOW A LADY

I know a lady, a lady
Calling the wind as she goes
Many will follow behind her
To go where she will go
I know a lady of wonder
As warm as a woman can be
There are all kinds of people in the world
but not a one like she

CHORUS
I know a lady, a star in the morning
The kind of a person you hardly believe
I know a lady, a bright angel shining
Lights up the love that everyone sees
in her
Call to the lady, the dancer
Spinning the world in her way
Turning midnight into morning
A crystal holiday
Call to the lady, the sparrow
Painting the air with her song
There'll be songs to sing forever
She will sing them one by one.

CHORUS
Oh and I am loving in a world of her
on an island of I am
I've been stealing every dream of her
like a thief with golden hands
because I love the lady, the lady

I know a lady, a woman
As warm as a woman can be
There are all kinds of people in the world
But not a one like she

CHORUS

BRANDY WILL BE SINGING MONDAY NOV. 16 AT 1 P.M. IN THE STUDENT UNION THEATRE.

(All songs copyright 1969, B&B Ayre Enterprises.)

ARLEIGH PETERSON + THE REVUE THEATRE

by louise abbott

Arleigh Peterson is an innovator in a city only mildly receptive to innovation in theatre. Yet public indifference to his experimentation has not discouraged Peterson to pack his bags and seek recognition elsewhere. His Trojan efforts have finally begun to elicit response from Anglophonic Montreal. Now in its fifth season, his creation, the Revue Theatre, is at last on steady feet, heading in the direction of success.

The first tottering days are in the past, but certainly not so far past that Peterson doesn't remember his first struggles. After leaving New York with a background in theatre and related arts which stretched back to his first memories (his parents were both performers), and with kinetic vitality and a tremendous commitment to theatre, he came to Montreal in the mid-sixties and set up the Revue Theatre. The theatre still maintains the warmth and intimacy of those early days (and still serves a good cup of coffee in the upstairs mezzanine I might add). Housed in a small building on Maisonneuve west, its flamboyant facade flames up in ironic contrast to the staid exterior of the curling club to which it is attached. The Revue Theatre is unpretentious, yet catchy, not a building easily overlooked in an otherwise grey neighbourhood.

But, nonetheless, the Revue Theatre has been overlooked by many until recently. When it was founded, it had no precedent in English theatre here. (The French community on the other hand have had a lively participation in experimental theatre for a number of years.) Its novelty proved to be of little incentive to the public. The theatre's first production was a disaster and left the fledgling theatre with a seven thousand dollar deficit. But from this failure, Peterson learned a good many things; he gained an insight into the eccentricity of English Montreal. New York theatre could not provide a paradigm for theatre here. Wednesday and Saturday matinees, standard practice in New York, saw the cast playing stoically to a handful of audience. Needless to say, matinees were scrapped. And in many other ways, Peterson began to adapt to the new situation in which he found himself.

Faced with the enormous difficulty of drumming up support in a city with tight strings on its purse, Peterson fell back on his own resources. He has done everything from directing fashion shows to renting out theatrical equipment to keep his theatre in operation (and I refer to the theatre as his as the Revue Theatre and Arleigh Peterson are virtually synonymous). Despite lean funds which have kept him in the so-called amateur bracket, Peterson has worked untiringly at producing top-flight professional theatre.

His is a theatre of an experimental nature. For some time now doomsdayers have predicted the death of theatre; they consider t.v. as the greatest threat to its existence. Yet there are some theatre people, Peterson among them, who refuse to let theatre die without a valiant struggle. Peterson seeks to infuse new life into theatre through extensive experimentation.

Many of the experimental plays he chooses (and negotiates for, directs, and in which he sometimes acts) are Canadian. Although not a Canadian himself, Peterson feels that living here, he should offer a platform for Canadian playwrights. So he makes a heavy commitment to Canadian work, though he does not deal exclusively with it.

All the Revue Theatre productions have in common their focus on the present and the future. "I'm interested in the here and now and what is going to be tomorrow", Peterson has said. He maintains considerable respect for classical theatre, and has studied and continues to study drama of the past as well as the present. "You have to know the rules before you break them" is a dictum he has always borne in mind. Yet he no longer believes in the viability of classical theatre in the kind of world in which we live. The day of heavy serious drama has almost faded he feels. The replacement he offers for it is drama theatre of a primarily satirical nature, theatre which entertains as well as enlightens. This kind of theatre he feels is better suited to meet modern needs.

Peterson has not abandoned the traditional proscenium stage, however, unlike another element in modern theatre, living theatre. Living theatre, or theatre of "grope and grab" as Peterson so aptly calls it, requires unique accommodations. Peterson prefers to stick to the classic distinction between audience and actors, although his actors do sometimes venture into the aisles.

Peterson's innovation comes rather in the breadth of the media he uses. He attempts to integrate such effects as slide projection, liquid projection, strobe and black lights into his productions. He has not yet achieved full realization of their rich potential, however. Just as the performers themselves seem not to have reached full realization of their potential. They are versatile in different artistic media – they dance, sing, play musical instruments, in addition to acting – yet are by no means equally comfortable in each medium.

As an innovator, Arleigh Peterson has tasted both the bitterness of failure and the sweetness of success. Criticism has been levelled at some of his productions justifiably. I could not in all honesty give wholehearted endorsement, for example, to the recent production of three one-act plays – Underground, Transfers, and The Beard; nonetheless, despite criticism I might have of this presentation I feel that certain bits of it were undeniably impressive. I only hope that Peterson is able to further explore the broadest possibilities of the media he now has at his disposal. No doubt then the impact of his productions could be staggering.

Currently playing at the Revue Theatre is The Fantasticks, an off-Broadway musical comedy. A light musical such as this, even with the new twists Peterson has given it (by the introduction of a mother to replace one of the over-the-fence feuding fathers, and by unique staging), seems strangely out of keeping with the experimental theatre to which he devotes himself. But undoubtedly Peterson has included it in this year's program in order to draw those who might otherwise stay away from an experimental theatre. A wise strategy on Peterson's part and one which is exemplary of the down-to-earth awareness which is blended with his idealism.

Even now, Peterson sees beyond the Revue Theatre. He regards the present set-up as a workshop, and envisions the possibility of an artistic complex (quite different from the mausoleum of Place des Arts) which would provide not just theatre, but many different artistic media, with the fullest of freedom and facilities.

Public support will always be the ultimate factor in the realization of Arleigh Peterson's visions. It is in the hands of the public to either grant or refuse him the chance to continue his experimentation. It cannot be challenged, I believe, that he has earned that chance by the sweat of his brow.

WE DON'T NEED NO STINKING BADGES

by bob anderson

When thousands of ordinary people were thrown together in Chicago in August 1968, there were conventions which also tore them apart. "Conventions", made by Chicago sociologist Gerry Swatez and political scientist Kaye Millar, uses film of that (and other) conventions as evidence for and against social theories about cities and about politics. The film also uses some stars like Hoffman, Daley, Ginsburg, and a real pig. Swatez & Millar use film as an integral part of their teaching at the Circle Campus, partly because of the fidelity it retains towards the reality of important historical events; thus study and restudy is always possible. Swatez will show and discuss the film (acclaimed at the Edinburgh Festival) on Friday 12 noon November 20 in Leacock 219, as a free presentation of the Anthropology Department.

See why you don't need no stinking badges?

CANDY, SEX & SUBURBIA

by mel weigel

"Deux femmes en Or" is a very funny movie, as advertised. What is extremely unusual about this movie is that it contains somewhat more than its publicity makes claims for. So many people had told me that this was a candy movie and nothing more that I was astounded to see such an accurate representation of middle-class French-Canadian life, as well as a few superb flashes on the media, the cops, the courts. English Canadians and Americans. Perhaps the Quebecer is in the fortunate position that he does not consider realistic satire such a rarity that its existence and relevance must be shouted from the rooftops.

This film was not shot in the Great Canadian North, or in Westmount, but in Ville Brossard. The pan shot of the surrounding countryside in this case works to great effect: hundreds of Pete Seeger's little you-know-whats as far as the eye can see. Nor are we presented with the anonymous suburbia of the American situation comedy or commercial. The red box of the Royal Mail is there, as is the truck of J. J. Joubert le laitier, the kids playing hockey in the street are wearing the winter boots sweater and tuque which the kids up here really wear, the two husbands are drinking Molson's as they work outside.

Our heroes are two married couples living next door to each other in Brossard. The two men are always away on business trips; the hobby of one is cheating on his wife, that of the other (played by Marcel Sabourin) is growing plants in his basement. The two wives have nothing to do but talk to each other, do housework, and read magazine articles about the failure of marriage in the suburbs.

The solution to their boredom which the wives arrive at is to make love with any stranger who crosses their threshold. Thus, there are seductions, successful and attempted, of the milkman, the Bell Telephone repairman (failure), the paperboy (his line in the film, delivered on three separate occasions, is "Tabernacle!"), the painter, the carpet cleaners, piano movers, etc. The last is an elderly bird merchant, who dies content, which of courses, causes a scandal.

Again and again the film scores on picking up little bits of life in Montreal: the pack of Comtessa cigarettes lying on the kitchen table next to the magazines; the addiction to gadgetry of the cheating, and cuckolded, husband; the plight of the other husband, who rides to work every day with a fat guy cracking insipid jokes which are giggled at by a plain young secretary. The visit to head office in Toronto, while done with too heavy a touch, nonetheless probably expresses a lot of real feelings on both sides.

The nude scenes in the movie were considerable and Rabelaisian. It's really great to see a movie these days which is aimed at grossing you out, making you horny, or boring you.

All in all, "Deux femmes en Or" is one more proof that le Québécois et ses artistes are way ahead of the Americans, the Canadians, and the French in being able to take a critical look at himself without getting bitter.

– showing at Cinéma St-Denis.

SALUD CABRON (CUCKOLD)

THE PHOTOGRAPHY OF TOM PASKAL

by hyman weisbord

"Salud cabron" is a shout in the face of social impotence. It is an ironic greeting in the brotherhood of cheated men.

Photography is at all our fingertips. It is an accessible medium used to record the history of a birthday party, the shooting of a Viet Cong suspect, the lines and textures of one's nude friend.

The intensely personal statement, the recorded actuality and the pleasant surprise of "beauty" are all recognizable features in the photography of Tom Paskal.

In his first Quebec Government – sponsored show, Mr. Paskal has chosen the settings and the people of Mexico as subject matter for an exhibit that continually challenges the boundaries of photography. Through the clever, yet simple positioning, of mirrors Mr. Paskal has managed to break down the viewer/photograph relationship inherent in other exhibits.

"Because mirrors usually imply self-study, that is, they are in bathrooms and bedrooms, the audience is constantly reminded of themselves by their reflections while at the same time they are confronted with life in Mexico. Any veneer of sophistication is, I hope, lost in the creation of the tension that results."

But while the mirrors handle the North American picture without lying, how are the Mexican photos dealt with?

Basically, they are sensitive to man. People – young and joyous people, old leather-skinned people dressed up and ugly, form the nucleus of the exihibit. And the viewer must constantly re-examine himself because there, right beside the miserable pool-playing "cabron", he stands reflected.

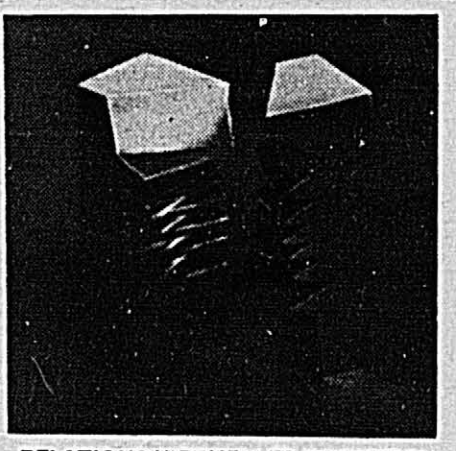
The photographs range in topic within the Mexican framework. There is the slaughtered, skinned cow being hand-butchered while dung oozes from its bowel. There is the lyrical, simply lined photo of a river with only one discarded rubber tire to mar its bank. And always there are the people, sometimes happy, usually defeated, watching as you fix your hair in the mirror.

This exhibit should not be missed because the viewer cannot lose. Tom Paskal has focused his camera on Mexico to show us the people and their lives in colourful black and white. But we are there too for study, frozen and framed for a second. And can we always just move on?

The exhibit, "Salud Cabron", by Tom Paskal, will be open to the public at The Bibliotheque Nationale, 1700 St. Denis, from November 16 on.

DAUDELIN EXHIBITION

by john bandiera



RELATIONS VIRTUELLES BRONZE 3½

Galerie Godard Multiples
1504 Sherbrooke St. W.
28 October to 21 November

Daudelin is an accomplished Canadian sculptor. He was recently awarded the commission for the New Center for the Performing Arts in Ottawa and is an instructor at the Montreal School of Fine Arts as well.

His current showing is highlighted by his manipulable pieces. Daudelin invites the observer to play an active role in the total experience of his art. His works are meant to be touched and played with, and as such seem to be purposely non-static and anti-monumental. They possess an immense potential for change as far as a continual evolution of form is concerned.

Certain smaller works are found in groups of two or more. They can be joined in various ways along the ridged or smooth faces Daudelin provides. The grouping of the forms is at the discretion of the individual, and Daudelin makes a conscious attempt to invite participation. Thus, there is an important tactile element to his sculpture. Gold, smooth, metallic, hard edged outer faces tend to contrast with rather sensuous inner surfaces. In one such work, two geometrically rigid metallic forms seem to soften and melt into each other along a curved face.

Daudelin repeatedly demonstrates his great technical ability through the multitude of textural qualities which his art possesses. Certain of his bronzes have an unemotional crispness about them, some have a disturbing abrasiveness, while in others he seems to exact warmth and emotion from the cold metal.

This essence of transfiguration plays and important role in Daudelin. Although certain of his bronzes seem to be rather static and introspective, others are seething with repressed energy and kinetic potential. The one large piece on display can assume a multitude of curvilinear or spiral shapes if the observer chooses to engage it. It consists of a central axis with metal arms in various states of flexion extending from it. The numerous joints in the arms allow for an endless variety of planar surfaces through the space which the sculpture occupies. The sculpture possesses the potential to make the space around it rough or smooth, curved or flat.

Daudelin's work is not limited to bronzes; there is also some work using plastic and light on display. His attempt to depict the dispersion of light through a solid mass, I feel, is not entirely effective in a structural or technical sense. Nonetheless, there is a rather startling contrast between the softness of the inner light of the form and the rigid ray-like outward effect of it as a whole.

SOUND WAVES OF JOHN RUSSEL

soft
the soaring moment
gulls immobile wing
white call out over ocean
your voice my ears enter

quiet
the warm instant of spring
touches the mountain shore
tide waves rolling in
your hand my hand finds

come
this cup
is blessed to our lips
thirst of sirocco centuries
through lean years distilled
essence of hours together

ablution absolute
crowd close the waters
course liquid thunder
drumming vital on skin

ears lift
ashes stirred
by arrows of the sun
conspire forms of feathers

fasten of flesh stretch
wings strong sweep aloft
fresh winds face clean
sleep on the spines of mountains

sure we are
as we breathe
smiling, sweaty

we are born
as we die
to live forever

and the dawn pours in
through the open window
touching rainbow golden hairs
glowing softly on your arm

prime emerge
stylus explore spiral
grooves revolving disc
cosmic sea voice arise
enter
ears on waves
enter
ears on aural waves
the song washing through
sands of our senses
core
moving
sounds touching
our lives essence
as each tide alters
the contour of the shore
driftwood troubadours dreams
landing on beaches
become our language
here
now

rider
noonfire nightfreeze
evanescent sphere moon clipse
hooves coloured echo of the void
rider to the sea
rider
wild wind
arrive the telling edge
sun tinged span of cloud
cloth of mountains
rider
rider to the sea

rider
ringing surfcall
sewn along horizons ridge
tunespinning thread of dawn
clarion kiss morning star
rider rider rider
rider to the sea

nowing only this incandescent curve
smooth glide hand breast to thigh
motion conceived of the mothering void
coalescent galaxies whorling nebulae
thinnest instant thrive of eons
drawn span into focus
we flow each in others eyes

travelling beams along the eternal contour
light immense amplitude waves
emotion congealed of huge laughter
full tide flood feel the moon's
wide love through the waters
caress the beach sand flanks
we glow each in others touch

throbbing pulses through the valves
opening chrysalis learning of limbs
osmotic embrace arms of the day
reach upward warm hues greet
the aurora of our every grace
come gentle voltage waking kiss
we grow each in others nowing

JOHN RUSSELL WILL BE READING HIS POETRY MONDAY AT 1 P.M. IN THE STUDENT UNION THEATRE (WITH BRANDY AYRE)

UPCOMING EVENTS

BACK DOOR

Tonight and tomorrow: ROSALIE SORRELS and TEX KONIG

CENTAUR THEATRE, 453

453 St. Francois Xavier – Until Nov. 15: A TOUCH OF THE POET by - EUGENE O'NEILL.

CINEMATHEQUE CANADIENNE

3832 St. Denis. Tonight at 7:30 – PROTEST – FOR WHAT? U.S.A. 1968. 51 min. JONAS by –GIDEON BACHMANN U.S.A. 1968. 31.

9:30 – CONFERENCE DE M.Z. MATKO.

McGILL DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

Nov. 19 – 21 and Nov. 26-28 at 8:30 – AREOPAGUS by ROBERT TEMBECK in Moyse Hall.

McGILL FILM SOCIETY

Tonight at 6:30 and 9:30 – CITIZEN KANE. U.S.A. 1941. ORSON WELLES director. Starring Orson Welles and Joseph Cotton.

MONTREAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Nov. 17 and 18: Conductor: FRANZ – PAUL DECKER. Soloists: THE SWINGLE SINGERS Program: HAYDN; BERIO; SHOSTAKOVITCH.

RADIO McGILL

Streetnoise, produced by Radio McGill, through the facilities of CFQR – FM 92.5. 12:30 tonight until 6:00 tomorrow morning. This week Streetnoise returns to the city with a discussion on all that is FREE for Montrealers; collated from the recent World Game sessions. A report on S.T.O.P. – the pollution fighters on the island, a debate with members of the Montreal Social Agency and members of the community. As well as Population Control and a look at Apartheid in South Africa.

REVUE THEATRE

Until Dec. 20: THE FANTASTICKS

SAIDYE BRONFMAN CENTRE

5170 Cote St. Catherine Rd. Until Sunday: A DOLL'S HOUSE BY HENRICK IBSEN

SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS UNIVERSITY

Nov. 17 - 21 at 8:30 and Nov. 21 at 2:00 – The drama department presents: ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD. In the Douglas Burns Clarke Theatre. 1455 de Maisonneuve.

THEATRE DE NOUVEAU MONDE

Last two evenings: JEUX DE MASSACRE by EUGENE IONESCO

YELLOW DOOR COFFEE HOUSE

3625 Aylmer. Tonight and tomorrow: BILL RUSSELL

MOTHER EARTH

418 St. Sulpice. – Tonight: GORD OGILVIE

Tomorrow: BOB CALLENDER

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8 P.M. - 1 A.M.
Beer and Booze and Girls

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PROF. BENJAMIN HRUSHOVSKI

Noted theorist of comparative literature of Tel-Aviv University

will speak on

"THE ORIGINS OR RHYME IN HEBREW LITURGICAL POETRY"

Fri., Nov. 13, 2 PM, L 629

Mini-Market

These ads may be placed in the advertising office at the University Centre from 10 am to 4 pm. Ads received by noon appear the following day. Rates: 3 consecutive insertions - $2.00; maximum 20 words. 10¢ per extra word.

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MISCELLANEOUS

STUDENTS-EUROPE FOR CHRISTMAS Easter or Summer Employment opportunities economic flights discounts. Write for information (air mail) Anglo America Association 60a Pive Street Newport I W. England

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COOL NEW SOUND IN MONTREAL – The Brass Median. For information on prices and bookings contact Lou (489-4202) or Art (363-1961).

NEED EXTRA CASH. Sell ski Ami for good profits-ski Madonna, Jay, Sutton, Tremblant and 37 more hills for half price. Call Barry at 486-6943 or Jeff 482-3679.

DU MAURIE SKI FLICKS. 1967 and 1968 races in color at **PHI DELTA THETA** Fraternity, 3581 University St. Thursday, 7:30 PM. If you're interested at all in a fraternity, drop in. Flicks followed by a free bar.

The film that stopped Hollywood in the tracks, **CITIZEN KANE,** Friday, 6:30 & 9:00, L132, with regards, from the Film Society.

Bright young things, **RED AND WHITE REVUE AUDITIONS,** Nov. 12, 8 PM, Saturday, Nov. 14, 11 AM, Unions B26-27.

TGIF: Come drown your sorrows Friday afternoon 5 to 7. Free for all. Ad house 3483 Stanley St.

McGILL ITALIAN SOCIETY: Discotheque nite, saturday Nov. 14, 8 PM-1 AM, Union coffee Lounge. Beer 3/$1.00, booze 2/$1.25, entry $1.00. Everyone welcome.

Afghan Coats $50, this offer lasts all season at **LIVE FROM EARTH,** 156 Prince Arthur East, 288-8605.

How about the **FOLK MASS AT THE BACK DOOR,** 985 Sherbrooke West, this Sunday and every Sunday at 5:00 PM. Canterbury, Anglican Chaplaincy.

PUTNEY SWOPE, Saturday, November 14, 6, 8, 10:00, Leacock 132, $1.00 admission.

M.O.C. – Nov. 14, 14 – **WHITE MOUNTAINS HIKING AND BACKPACKING.** Sign up on Union Bulletin board or phone Steve between 6-9, 722-1959.

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GIRL STUDENT NEEDED FOR BABYSITTING week-ends 3½ yr. old boy. 932-8314.

BABYSITTER WANTED WEEKDAYS 3-6 to collect 2 children from school and then babysit in their home. Easy distance from McGill. 935-1538.

LOST

1 PINKY RING, gold with 1 ruby and 1 sapphire. Lost thursday btw. Leacock and arts buildings. If found please call 744-0009.

Students' Society Elections

December 2, 1970

Nominations are hereby called for the positions of the following Students' Council Representatives:

1. Representatives from the following Schools and Faculties must be in their penultimate year and in good academic standing with the University.

ARTS & SCIENCE	**3 representatives** *(At least one must be pursuing a B.A. degree, and at least one must be pursuing a B. Sc. degree.)*
ENGINEERING	**2 representatives**
ARCHITECTURE	**1 representative**
COMMERCE	**1 representative**
EDUCATION	**1 representative**
MUSIC	**1 representative**
NURSING (B. Sc. N.)	**1 representative**
PHYSICAL & OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY	**1 representative**

2. Representatives from the following Schools and Faculties may be in any but their final year, having spent at least one full academic year at McGill University, and must be in good academic standing with the University.

DIVINITY	**1 representative**
DENTISTRY	**1 representative**
LAW	**1 representative**
MEDICINE	**1 representative**

* All nominations must be signed by 25 students of the Faculty or School concerned, or by 25% of the students of the Faculty or School, whichever is less, and counter-signed by the nominee with his address and phone number.

** Nominations must contain only those words contained in the revised Electoral By-Laws, (as on page 29 of this year's Student Handbook).

*** All nominations must be submitted to the Secretary-Treasurer of the Students' Society, Myron Galloway, by

4:00 p.m., Friday, November 20, 1970

DAVID SPRAGUE
SAJID MAQSOOD
Co-Chief Returning officers

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FROM NOV. 13th TO NOV. 21st.

~~5.29~~ **2.89**

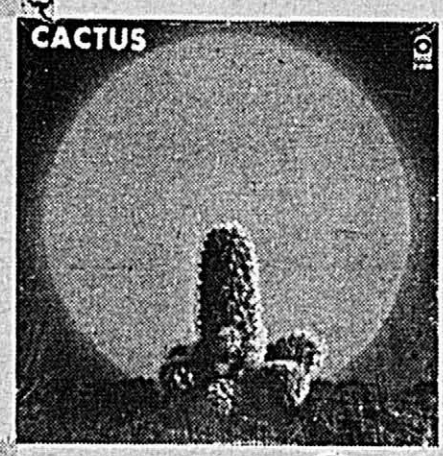
~~6.29~~ **3.89**

KING CRIMSON
In the Wake of Poseidon

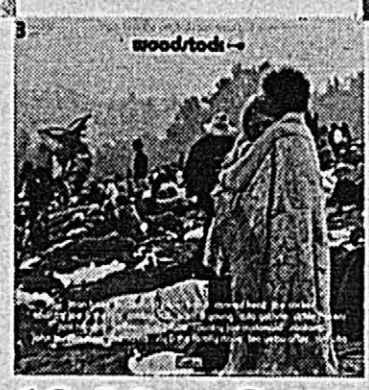
~~5.29~~ **2.89**

NEIL YOUNG
After the Gold Rush

~~5.29~~ **2.89**



~~5.29~~ **2.89**



~~12.59~~ **8.98**

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~~6.29~~ **3.89**

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~~5.29~~ **2.89**

SHERMANS VIBRATIONS

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constituer un REZO

by michel celemenski and jean-michel joffe

During the recent political crisis in Quebec, the Gazette carried the following headline: New FLQ Message Reported — Secrecy Shrouds Message. A similar absence of background information and comprehensive reporting represents a situation which cannot be accepted. Justifiable solutions to the problems generated by any society can only be elaborated in an atmosphere of free expression.

If social change is to be effectively carried out, people have to be aware of their situation in society. Therefore relevant and effectively distributed information is a key factor in the politicizing process of the citizens.

Using this as a base, we can state social reform in Quebec has been slowed by the lack of a free and independent communications network.

In order to meet this pressing need, a number of concerned individuals have constituted REZO (Réseau - a communications network).

Since theoretically there is freedom of the press and freedom of expression in Quebec, what has motivated the founders of REZO?

The answer lies in that truisms, such as "Freedom of the Press" are bullshit, and that things don't work out in practice the way they do in theory.

For example, avant-garde films made by independent Quebec film-makers have never been mass-distributed, primarily because commercial agencies have been reluctant to deal with them.

Also why has the commercial press not met its responsibility in supplying relevant and critical information? The basic answer lies in the fact that institutions of this sort depend on paid advertisements for their survival; as it is the big corporations who pay these accounts. Subsequently any radical criticism of these superstructures is extremely difficult. "You can't bite the hand that feeds you".

REZO, therefore, is attempting to free itself from these bonds. At the beginning of September, members of the Quartier Latin staff took the initiative and established the network. It quickly spread to all parts of the province.

Certain existing information centers have been incorporated into network. They include at the present Quartier Latin, (published by the Centre d'Information Etudiant Université de Montréal) Le Block, (published by the CEGEP of Joliette) Le Deux-Mai, (a joint effort of the CEGEPS of Limoilou and F. X. Garneau) La Brigue and Le pic, from Alma and Chicoutimi respectively. Other organs such as Quebec Presse, and the English Quebec university news media, will participate in the scheme.

Also included are two action committees: C.R.I.S. (Comité de Revendication et d'Information Sociale), and the S.D.S. (Syndicat du Secondaire). These groups were already in existence prior to September and represent the first step in the mobilization program of REZO. The next stage is to provide the technical needs in the areas where they are lacking. The initiative in these areas will depend on existing groups of active individuals.

Plans call for the setting up of locals which will have printing presses, documentation centres, lists of contacts etc. The objective of REZO is "to give to each local or regional core which has been politicized, the means they need to express themselves."

This is also a partial attempt at solving the cultural problems created by the concentration of political and social activities in urban areas. These inequities include a lack of both employment and socialization facilities. The solution to this has most often been emigration to Montréal, which has created a political and social vacuum in outlying areas.

Another step towards the alleviation of the provincial "malaise" will be to set up a distribution pipe-line. The goals are mainly aimed at the dissemination of cultural material, magazines, films, music ("protest songs", folk) and books dealing with social issues.

The obvious linking factor between all these activities is a desire for social change in the direction of representative democracy. But "Representative Democracy", like the "Just Society", is pure crap unless concrete steps are taken to bring the decision-making process down to the "grass-roots" level.

It, unlike some previous groups in Québec, does not have a narrow, nationalistic base. "On est pas intéressé à changer un boss anglais pour un boss français", according to Ronald Lanthier, REZO coordinator for Montreal.

It actively seeks participation from various groups, including the English Women's groups labour, immigrants, tenants organizations, farmers, and students.

Lanthier said, "Students must assume a new role, that of canvassing support and informing various groups. Students must no longer be parasites, living off the society. They must rather recognize that their privileged position can be directed at altering the real world instead of the Mickey Mouse world of student politics."

In this lies its strength and potential weakness — a lack of structure may mean a lack of cohesion, but it may also encourage a creative political atmosphere.

Political action will not stem from REZO. On the contrary, REZO sees itself as both a mechanism for political groups, as well as a critic of political action.

In the long run, REZO's impact will be measured in two ways. First, by the social action it will have initiated through its information network. The second standard will be the actual benefits that the programs of REZO-supported political groups will have brought to Quebec society.

The formation of REZO constitutes a change in orientation of political energies. Given its very loosely-knit and informal internal organization; the network can take several paths and adapt itself to any new developments that may arise.

Pollution by population

We live too well and breed too fast.

That's how Tim Webb of the Citizens' Committee for Responsibility in Science summed up the problem of pollution in today'a society recently in a speech to a youth group at St. Phillip's Church.

"At present, our society is barely supporting a population of about 3½ billion, and this very precarious balance is based upon a supply system that must operate at maximum rate." Mr. Webb told the group. "But even at this maximum rate of growth there are millions that starve", he continued,

"As a result," Mr. Webb explained, "we have a vicious circle in which production is increasing to support an ever-increasing population, and the final result is pollution."

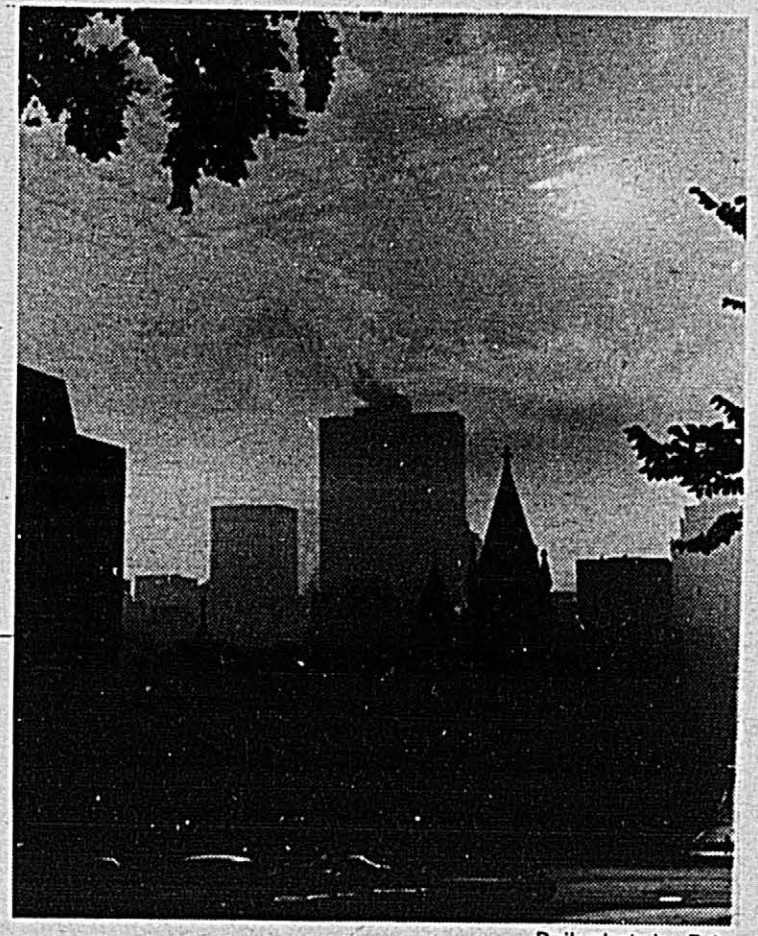
As a means of checking our environmental crisis, the CSRS suggests that families have at the most only two children - just enough to keep the population at a static rate of growth. According to the CSRS, "an increase in the population means an even greater environmental crisis, and will only result in your children having a more difficult time in solving it."

by Brenda MacDonald

Along with the increase in population as a major cause of pollution is a corresponding increase in technology. And this technology is contributing to a highly superfluous affluence which is manifest is such things as synthetic clothes, throw-away products like plastic bags and bottles, and also the usual North American diet of soft drinks, potato chips, etc. In decreasing the 'affluence', the CSRS would like to increase the quality of life.

But what can the individual do about pollution? The CSRS suggests several things, one of the most important perhaps being the need to check the operations of industrial producers. It is true that the government places a heavy fine on these companies every month if their production is not controlled to limit pollution. However, the companies often find it more profitable to continue paying a fine instead of setting up expensive equipment to purify wastes. On the other hand, the increase in population automatically causes an increase in production, thus making obsolete any equipment the company might have owned. The CSRS suggests that the government provide some of this equipment to minimize pollution.

But before the government can act, there must be a fundamental change in the outlook of our society on the problem of our environment. To quote from a recent memorandum distributed by the CSRS, we are asked to "write our MP or MNA, and city officials, to tell them how we feel about pollution. We must show them that we are concerned about the future quality of life, and our opinions will help determine the way our representatives vote."

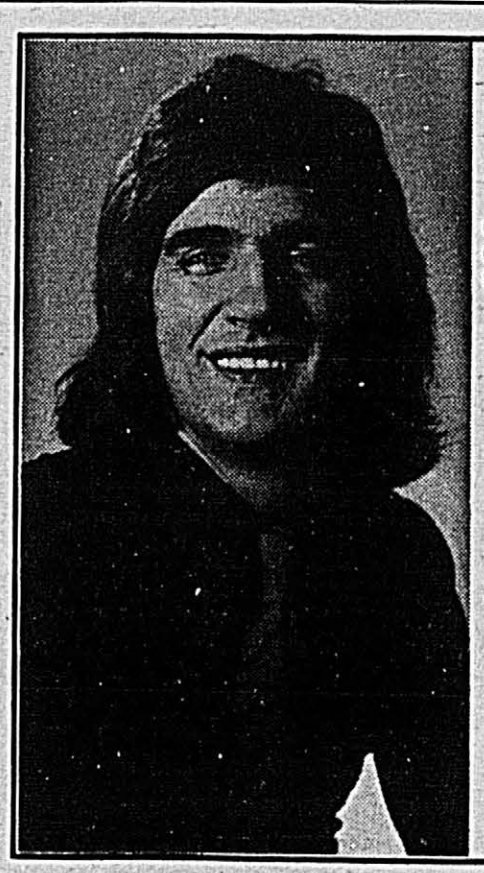


Daily photo by Bobo

'ON A CLEAR DAY'. . . you can almost see the waterfront.

PLAYER'S CLUB

On Monday, Nov. 16th from 4 — 6 p.m. and on Tuesday, Nov. 17th from 6 — 8 p.m. Player's Club will be holding auditions in room 307 of the Union for its major productions "Real Inspector Hound" by Tom Stoppard and "Muzeekr" by John Guare to be performed Jan. 27 — 30, 1971. For further information, phone Player's office: 392-8924.



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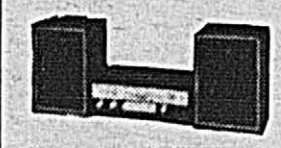

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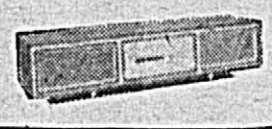

Leacock 132
$1.00

PUTNEY SWOPE

SAT. NOV. 14
6:00, 8:00, 10:00

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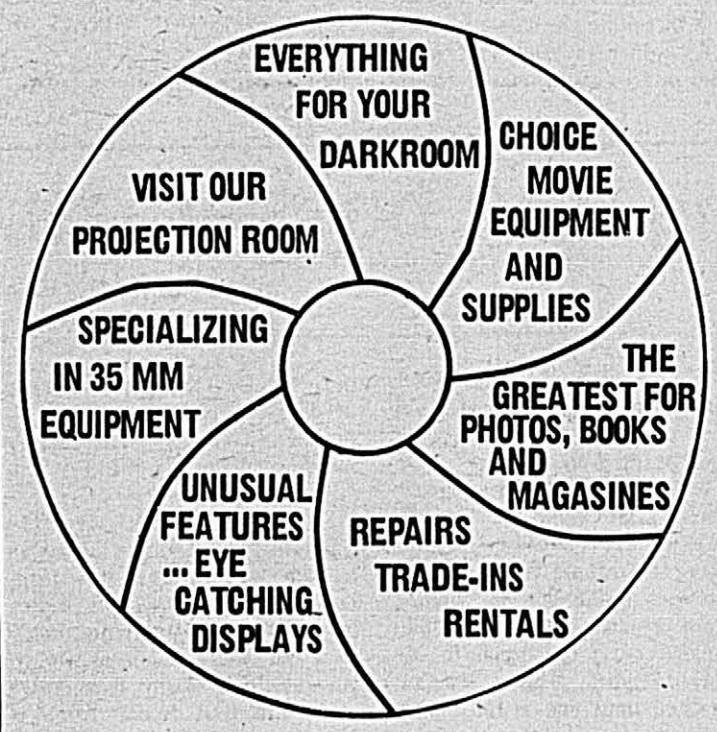

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Intramurals

Neos disregard Law

by Big Otis and Brother

The Neos and Friends without their friends were eliminated from further playoff competition Monday losing to Law B 16-8. Playing without quarterback Peter Small and star halfback Rick Satin the defending champs dressed only five, one of whom had just come off the injury list and couldn't play all-out football. In spite of this the Neos jumped into an early 8-0 lead, but on the ensuing kickoff Law B closed the Gap by running it back for a touchdown.

It was suggested after the game that one possible reason for the failure of the stars Small and Satin to show was the physical beating they took in an exhibition game the day vefore. The surprise victory by Law put them into the second round of the playoffs which are scheduled to finish next Friday in the championship game to be played on Lower Campus at noon.

In another upset the lowly Law A squad, led by Collin Rannie, came on strong and creamed the highly respected and talented Gross Outs 8-0. The deciding factor in the game was the inability of the Gross Out receivers to handle quarterback Dave Roxborough's bullet passes, whereas Law B squeezed everything.

Last week it was reported that the game between the Architects and the Grads was under protest. The Architects claimed that the Grads' winning touchdown was scored with two forward passes on the same play. The League commissioner upheld the protest and the game was replayed with the Architects winning 16-0 to garner first place in their division. When told of the commissioner's decision the referee of the protested game said, 'Humbug!

With playoff competition upon us the Intramural Touchfootball Sportswriters Association (ITS WA) is holding its annual orgy at the Queen Elizabeth Hotel and will attempt to pick an All-Star team and vote for the individual awards. Writers from such faraway places as exotic Lachine are expected to attend.

Scheduled Football Playoffs

Friday
Talbotians vs. Grads Lower Campus
Maulers vs. Architects Stadium

Monday
Les Guys vs. Law A Lower Campus

Sports Profile

Murray Wilson

by Betsy Hall

Murray Wilson, Redmen defensive end, can be found up in the Montreal General Hospital with his head and neck in traction. His head is held by tongs which clamp onto pins stuck into his skull, to keep his neck stretched and rigid.

Murray hurt himself in the first quarter of the game against Queen's. He dislocated a vertebra in his neck when making a tackle. He was just lucky he didn't sever his spinal cord and become paralyzed.

He says that it was his own error. He let his head down too far and the impact dislocated the vertebra. He had just slipped through a whole mass of blockers and there was just Murray and the ball carrier left. They both accelerated at each other and Murray had his head in a bad position. The spine took the shock, dislocating the vertebra and he also pulled his neck muscles when his head went under. The fact that he pulled the muscles probably saved him. Otherwise he would have kept on playing.

He got up, went back to the huddle, with a little loss of sense of direction, but he found he couldn't hold his head up. So he sat on the bench waiting for his neck to feel better, all the time having to hold his head up with his hand. But he did not get to the hospital until the Tuesday after the game!

I went up to his room on the eighteenth floor of the General (with a beautiful view that he cannot even see). I've been in the anatomy room looking at 'stiffs' and I worked in hospitals this summer and never fainted, but after seeing the contraption that Murray was held in I nearly passed out.

Murray is being well looked after, with his wife, Linda, coming in every evening after teaching at Montreal High. I was there for about half an hour and about ten nurses were in to see if everything was all right and if he wanted anything. (Where is this great shortage of nurses we've been hearing about lately anyway?)

Murray has had a spinal fusion and will remain in traction for a while yet. After that he must wear a neck brace for several months.

Murray is a very dedicated ball player. As Cliff Moore said, "Can you imagine a guy still wanting to keep on playing after pulling all those muscles, never mind dislocating a vertebra?"

MSEA, IN COOPERATION WITH "A DROP IN THE BUCKET" PRESENTS

PUTNEY SWOPE

Saturday, Nov. 14
Leacock 132

6, 8, 10:00
$1.00

The only showing of Putney Swope on the McGill campus this year

Lord stars again

Redmen topple Trois-Rivières 4-2

Verily, verily... running in the rain. Running in the rain can be humiliating.

Splitting my pants on the way to the Winter Stadium, I found myself sitting cross-leggedly throughout 60 minutes of hockey Wednesday night as the Redmen took on a team representing Three Rivers, that world-renowned haven of intellectuality and the finer arts. The visitors seemed reluctant to be indentified individually, as they wore sickly-yellow uniforms on the backs of which were faded mucous-coloured numbers (How's that for fashion reporting, girls?)

A flash of cleats, a cloud of cinders, his trusty legs and a hardy hiyo . . . why it's the **Phantom Runner**

Wednesday's game can be neatly and accurately analyzed as 2 games played back to back. In the first game, lasting until the siren moaned like a dying platypus to end the first period, the Redmen stunned and thoroughly frustrated Three Rivers. Crisp positional play, classy passing and a barrage of shots on nets had the Three Rivers team about to throw in their french fries (no vinegar, please).

Norm Lord could've read the Civil Code twice and still had time to write his bar exams before the m-men (as in mighty) had their first shot on nets. I swear I saw the Three Rivers goalie crying. Through his tears he had to be great to stop Donnely twice, Ryan, Kerner twice (once on a classic set-up from Barrow), Barrow, Manson, Hamilton, Chartrand, Burgess, and Alice, a pet goat. Skippy Kerner and Garth Ryan looked awfully classy together. Dave Mutch impressed with his determined puck carrying, and the Redmen in general displayed great team play.

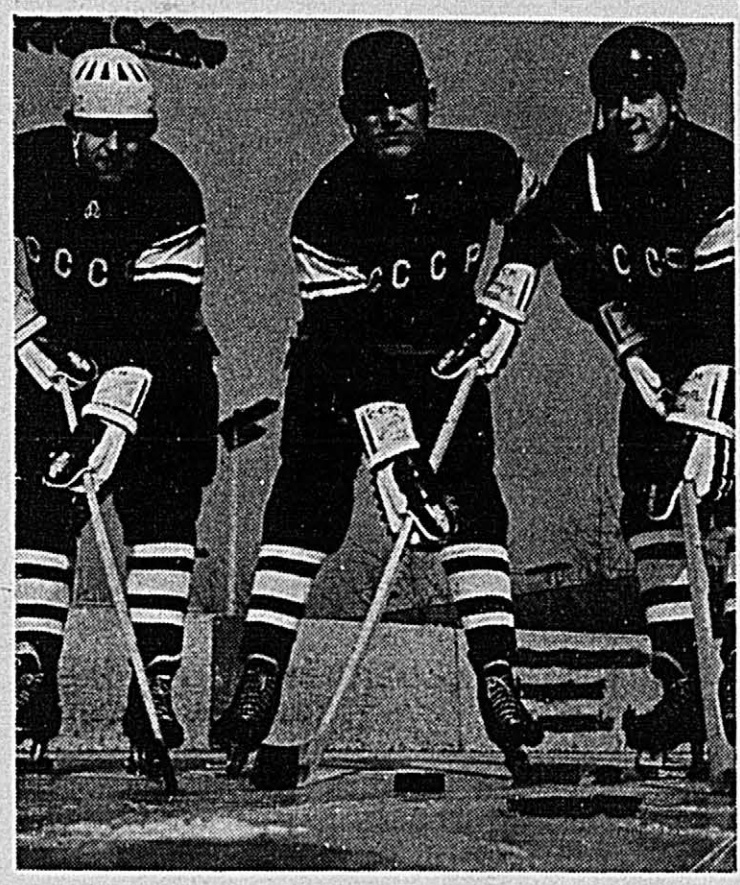
Finally at 16:15 with the Three Rivers goalie panting as if he had just finished a 6 mile cross country run, Dave Roxburgh, standing on the lip of the crease, converted a passout from Doug Brown to break the ice (oops!)

Reporter stricken

Ninety-seven seconds later, the m-men thoroughly shocked their coach by bringing the puck out of their own end. Not only this, but after Lord had made a great save on the initial shot, Gerald Baril poked in the loose puck. The Three Rivers reporter was rushed to the Vic for emergency shock treatment and has not been seen since. (And they've got a big game against Chibougamau on Sunday).

Shots on goal for the first period were 17-4 and the Redmen deserved at least a 47 goal margin after hustling play. Determined to strike wihout negotiation 'til those 47 goals were repaid, the Redmen decided not to strain themselves for the next 37 minutes of the game. Play rapidly deteriorated, except for one guy-Norm Lord.

This guy is worth seeing. Time and time again, Lord made dangerous shots look like silly putty off the stick of your bubby. Dupras (twice), Rousseau, Mailhot (remember that name), Guay and Corriveau were frustrated by the antics of the McGill wizard in goal.



REDMEN STARTING LINE-UP: There are certainly some new faces around the Redmen camp this year, but spirit is high nonetheless. 'Ist ready for first game? Da!

Meanwhile, the Redmen had a goal by Kerner called back, had a beautiful solo piece of stickhandling by Peter Burgess end with a crummy deflection off the goalie's stick, but finally cashed in on loose defensive play by the visitors to score the second goal. Barrow, stickhandling around one defenceman, bore down on the other, looked at Ryan who was poised about 10 feet in front of the net, caught a quick glance at a blonde in the stands showing a lot of thigh, and shot home (the puck) cleanly into the short side. Just 12 seconds later, a penalty shot was called on McGill as Dave Mutch was guilty of smothering puck with his hands.

Out came Lord and in came Art Bloom, reputed to be an unbeatable goalie on breakaways. Tension mounted as Mailhot, the player designated by the coach to take the shot, skated slowly in on Bloom. The classic situation, one-on-one. Now EVERYONE was sitting cross-leggedly. Bloom moved first, coming out to take away the shooter's angle. The Three Rivers skater proved too nifty however as he sidestepped Bloom and lifted the puck high into the webbing, to knot the count at 2-2.

The play continued raggedly through the third period. Lord continued to dazzle though, and at 13:19 Ryan took a pass from Kerner and showed his savvy by easily tallying what proved to be the winning goal. At 17:12, Crossley took advantage of sloppy defensive play on the part of the m-men to salt away the victory for McGill.

TRACK DUST: Seen through the eyes of this reporter Lord, Kerner and Mutch were the pick of the home side. Approached after the game, the burly Three Rivers coach commented when asked about his team's play:

"To view an inhuman world from a safe distance is to develop an unreal criticism of the frailties of others."

I thanked him and left.

One man's opinion

Krasnick's complaint

If you often read sports stories in the Daily, you've probably notice the many similarities between each article.

Granted, each contains that amazingly incomparable wit and perception inherent in all journalists, but otherwise, most every article is the same. The beginning always includes some 'cute' analogy, designed to gain the reader's interest and delight, but which never has anything to do with the story itself.

Then, as the reader is going through the orgasmic delights of having read this analogy, the story itself is unfolded, whether it be review, preview, or interview. It is undoubtedly written in a style such that, if the reader lacks the insight to ignore it, he will immediately be insulted by the complete disregard for his intelligence which it suggests. He then reaches the end of the article as the reporter is once again displaying his inimitable wit and mental constipation.

If an article is written by two people, the last two paragraphs are most certain to be private, incongruous jokes between the two. It it is written by only one person, (Ira Turetsky excepted), the jokes are so private that only he understands them.

The reason for all these similarities is quite simple. Each story is 'ghost written' by a team of three sports freaks recruited from the Athletics Department who walk around the Daily office every morning wearing pink robes, heads shaven, and chanting 'Hit that ball, Willie: Hit that ball...' to the tune of Hare Krishna. Reporters fill form letters provided for each sport, then these three freaks go to work. The result is the literary garbage found triweekly on the last page or two of the Daily.

This article is no exception...

Allan Krasnick

Ed. Note: Mr. Krasnick will have a chance to remedy his complaint. He has joined our sports staff and will be reporting on JV hockey. That, unfortunately, is Coach Doty's complaint.

Concerning J.V. basketball

by Laurie and Issie

"Is this the JV practice?"

"No, next gym."

"Uh, how do we get to the next gym?"

Such was the plight of two first-ever reporters dispatched on a routine mission: to eke out a preview of this year's rendition of the junior varsity basketball team. We weren't quite sure how we would attack, but we did realize that caution was of the essence.

Following our noses to the right gym, we were confronted with an onslaught of sweaty torsos engaged in a torrid exhibit of physical exertion and downright ineptness (I hope we haven't just exhausted all our ammunition). We quietly made our way to a shady corner of the room and tried to act the way we thought reporters are supposed to act. Unaware of our identity, however, the coach, Sam Wimisner (he's new at his job, too), politely asked us to leave.

After timidly straightening out matters, we were permitted to stay, and focused our resources on squeezing out a story. Well, for an hour and a half, we watched basketball players do what basketball players usually do: play basketball. After the practice, we even conferred with the coach (who turned out to be a nice guy after all), asking him questions usually asked by reporters, and, in turn receiving pretty standard, coach-type answers.

The highlight of the evening occurred when some weirdo on a fitness kick began literally running circles around the team, despite requests from the coach to use other facilities. This distraction persisted until one of the fiercer natives intervened, threatening to permanently relieve the intruder of his sex drive. Studying the alternatives, our hero slinked away into the night, never to be seen again.

We did, for all our efforts, obtain some useful tidbits to pass on to our avid readers. The team does have a couple of players from last year, namely Abe Benaroya and Kevin Walsh, as well as veteran John Darby from years past. The first Indian game is Nov. 25 against Bishop's.

SPORTS HAPPENINGS

Games

HOCKEY — McGill at Queen's, Sat. 2 pm.
WATERPOLO — McGill vs S.G.W.U., R.M.C. in roundrobin tournament 10 am to 3:30 pm
COED VOLLEYBALL — Tournament on Friday, Nov. 13 at 7:30 pm in all gyms. All students invited to participate.

Practices

PING-PONG — Practice today from 11 am onward, McGill coach Michael Schreiber will be available. All are welcome.
SCUBA — Fri., Nov. 13: 6:30-8:00 pm in lecture room
8:00-9:30 pm in the pool.
Sat., Nov. 14: 1:30-2:30 pm in lecture room
2:30-4:00 pm in the pool.